THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS of the TURF, the CHACE,
And every other DIVERSION interesting to the MAN of PLEASURE, ENTERPRIZE and SPIRIT,

For *JULY*, 1799.

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[Embellished with a spirited Engraving of CAVALRY SWORD EXERCISE, CUT 2; and an Etching of COURSING THE BUSTARD.]

LONDON:
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE deem ourfelves highly obliged by the Sketch of, and Communication upon, Rural Sports; the former fhall be put into the hands of an Artift for Etching, &c. and the latter have place, in courfe, to accompany the Plate.

THE

Sporting Magazine,

For JULY, 1799.

EXTRAORDINARY PERFORMANCES OF A SPANISH SWIMMER.

To the EDITOR *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,

IF you think the under-mentioned worth preserving among similar records, in your entertaining miscellany, I have no doubt of the amusement which it will afford the curious reader.

I am, your's,

PHILO-ATHLETICOS.

" On the 31st of August, 1767, the following spectacle was exhibited in Cadiz Bay, to the astonishment of a greater number of spectators than ever assembled upon an ordinary occasion.—One Captain Galup, by birth a Catalonian, and formerly an officer in the Genoese service, having given out that he should display some uncommon performances in the water, he first launched from the shore, with his cloaths on, taking with him nothing but a cask: when he had reached the middle of the bay, he found means to strip himself of every thing but his shoes; he then opened his cask, and taking out pen, ink, and paper, amused himself, a short time, with writing. This being finished, he took out some refreshment, and a bottle, from which he frequently drank to the spectators. He then produced a tinder-box, with which he struck a light, and filling a pipe, he smoaked it for some time, and after all, extended himself upon the water on one side, just as if going to sleep. This part of his performance being finished, he stood upright, and taking out a flute, began to amuse the observers by playing upon it.—He afterwards drew out a pistol, which he discharged several times, and then displayed a flag, waving the same several times round him; in the whole of which he was occupied full an hour and twenty minutes, and appeared equally as fresh when he came on shore, as when he first embarked."

It now remains, Sir, that something like a philosophical reason should be given for the performance above-mentioned.—One of this kind immediately offers itself, illustrated by a case, viz. the specific levity of the performer's body. A letter from Florence, in the same year, accounts thus for similar performances by Mr. Paul Macchia, a well known literary character, who has frequently immerged himself, breast high, in the sea, where he has been seen reading and writing with the same ease, as if he was in his study.—He having been weighed by a medical professor, was found to have been thirty pounds lighter than an equal weight of water. It was also discovered, that the levity was peculiar to the belly and abdomen of the professor.—This part, when immersed, seemed to have something of the quality of a large inflated bladder.

CORNET COLLISON.

THE court-martial held at Eastbourne, on Cornet Collison, (see our last Magazine, page 116) acting Pay-master of the Ayrshire Fencible Cavalry, having in pursuance of orders resumed their sitting, (not as has been stated, in consequence of an informality in their proceedings, but for the purpose of ascertaining the balance of his account) their decision, approved of by his Majesty, has been announced in district orders. The sentence directs, that Mr. Collison be dismissed the service with every possible degree of ignominy and disgrace; mulcted of pay and arrears; rendered incapable of ever serving his Majesty, and imprisoned until he shall have repaid the public money he had made away with, amounting to upwards of 3000l.

Mr. Collison, who had been a clerk in an army agency office, on being appointed pay-master of the Ayrshire Fencibles, returned, according to the regulations, the names of the two persons who were to be his sureties. They were, however, both disapproved, and he was directed to procure others.—This he neglected to do, and at the expiration of about a year, being urged to give the required bail, he absconded with all the public money he had been able to collect, 500l. of which he lodged, in his own name, in the bank of Plymouth, from whence it was drawn, under his power of attorney, previous to his trial, and a considerable part of which has been expended in his defence.

A novel and interesting question arises from this case—Upon whom the loss of the 3000l. shall fall?—Government issued the money to the agents, who acted only as a medium of conveyance, and re-issued it to the paymaster appointed by the colonel, who was ignorant of him, and looked for the propriety of his conduct to those by whom he had been recommended; whilst they again conceive it was the colonel's business to have obtained safety, by insisting on the stipulated bail.

As the 500l. that had been in the Plymouth bank, is the only part of the defalcation that can be traced, or that the prisoner has given any account of, and as even that is not forth-coming, the entire sum appears irrecoverable, and his confinement to be indefinite.

ON THE REVIVING SPLENDOUR OF THE TURF.

BY A YORKSHIRE SPORTSMAN.

To the EDITOR *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,

AS a sportsman, I cannot but congratulate you, and all true lovers of the British Turf, upon the late evident increase of the noble and heroic sport of horse-racing—a sport purely and characteristically English, which may not only be enjoyed without those foul and disgraceful breaches of humanity, too constantly attendant on other pastimes, but which, at the same time, that it produces the most pleasurable gratification, and promotes the joys of society and good fellowship, also contributes, in a high degree, to public benefits of a very important nature.

The races at Bibury, lately established by some of the first characters for rank and opulence in the kingdom—the recent great match, on the decision of which, such sums of money depended—the full and splendid attendance of the Newmarket meetings—and the replenished studs of those sporting noblemen and gentlemen, who were supposed

ſuppoſed to be quitting the turf, at once evinces the flouriſhing ſtate, grandeur and opulence of that country, which, after a ſix years continuance of a war, unparalleled in point of expence, falling with accumulated and unuſual weight upon the higher orders, could, with ſo much facility, furniſh the *Newlands*, the neceſſary circulating medium of ſo expenſive a pleaſure. What a contraſt between our happy and joyous ſituation, and that of thoſe miſerable countries upon the Continent, which are the ſad theatre of all the horrors and ravages of war!

I have before hinted to you, Mr. Editor, the propriety of occaſionally ſtanding forth, in your editorial capacity, to afford the neceſſary information, and to correct thoſe vulgar errors on ſporting ſubjects, which may chance to influence and miſlead the public mind.

From the accounts of inconſiderate and uninformed people, or of thoſe bigots, whoſe minds are ſoured, and their heads ſet awry, by gloomy and uſeleſs fanaticiſm, a ſtranger would be led to conclude that the diverſion of horſe-racing, was not only barbarous and inhuman, but even dull and unintereſting, and abſolutely void of any, the leaſt trait of public utility.

This humbug tabernacle ſophiſtry is ſerved up to the public, at every convenient opportunity, by ſtay-making paragraphiſts, and cockney editors of newſpapers: but what is ſtill worſe, our grave agricultural dons are troubled with the ſame giddy and *turn-ſick* malady, and ſtuff their tours and economical lucubrations with the ſame kind of traſh.

With theſe laſt, running-horſes are a uſeleſs and unprofitable breed, an idea which may be predicated with much more truth, of plough-horſes; a ſpecies of locuſts which devour the land, which have uſurped the place of a temperate and laborious race of animals, equally adapted to every buſineſs of huſbandry, and after the period of their uſeful lives, to the nouriſhment and ſupport of human kind.

With reſpect to the profit and utility of race horſes, let any man look to the general ſuperiority of the horſes of this country, to the expeditious rate at which we travel, to the elegance, ſafety, and innate worth of our horſes, and their high repute in all European nations—let him aſk himſelf, whence has this evident and acknowledged ſuperiority ariſen? The anſwer muſt inevitably be, from the encouragement which we have given to the preſervation of the breed of race-horſes, that *uſeleſs and unprofitable breed.*

The point of profit being firſt ſettled, (alas! ſuperiority too generally allowed in all human affairs) we now come to the *count* of humanity; and, which of our ſports, I pray you, can be, or really is, conducted with ſo much humanity, or feeling, towards the brute creatures implicated therein, as horſe-racing? Here is no torturing, no maiming, no tearing to death piece-meal, no ſhrieks of agonized feelings, no brutal enjoyment of animal miſery, which in my rage and deteſtation, I ſhould ſtigmatize as the unnatural luſt of pleaſure, the very ****** of ſport.—No—here are animals bred up with the moſt tender care, nouriſhed with the fat of the land, trained to obedience, urged to a glorious contention for ſuperiority, in a way which nature has intended them to excel, and afterwards diſmiſſed to various new ſervices, or to propagate their like for the future pleaſure and benefit of man.

I could eaſily purſue this ſubject farther, but am apprehenſive of treſpaſſing too far upon your columns, filled as they generally are, with the moſt curious and intereſting

ing matter.—I ſhall only then intrude ſo far, as to anſwer an objection which I foreſee. It will be inſiſted, that a great deal of cruelty formerly has been, and ſtill is practiſed, in horſe-racing. I am ſorry to be obliged to acknowledge the truth of this, but muſt remark in my turn, that the beſt things may be abuſed. That complaints of this nature lie againſt the abuſe merely, not the uſe of horſe-racing; that the evil is decreaſing every day, and is at preſent confined to a few butcherly and horſe-dealing blackguards, to mention whom, as *peers*, would be degrading to the name and feelings of a

SPORTSMAN.

Black Hambledon, Yorkſhire,
July 14, 1799.

THE LIONS.

THE following incident has attracted much notice at Paris. Citoyen Felix two years ago brought two lions, a male and female, to the national menagerie. About the beginning of June, Felix fell ill, and could no longer attend the lions; another was forced to do his duty. The lion, ſad and ſolitary, remained from that moment conſtantly ſeated at the end of his cage, and refuſed to receive any thing from the ſtranger. His preſence even was hateful to him, and he menaced him by bellowing.—The company even of the female ſeemed to diſpleaſe him; he paid no attention to her. The uneaſineſs of the animal afforded a belief that he was really ill, but no one dared to approach him. At length Felix got well, and meaning to ſurpriſe the lion, he crawled ſoftly to the cage, and ſhewed only his face againſt the bars; the lion in a moment made a bound, leaped againſt the bar, patted him with his paws, licked his hands and face, and trembled with pleaſure. The female ran to him alſo; the lion drove her back, ſeemed angry, and fearful that ſhe ſhould ſnatch any favours from Felix; a quarrel ſeemed about to take place between them, but Felix entered the cage to pacify them. He careſſed them by turns. Felix is now ſeen frequently in the midſt of this formidable couple, whoſe power he has fettered; he holds a kind of converſation with them. If he wiſhes that they ſhould ſeparate and retire each to their cages, he has only to ſpeak a word; if he wiſhes that they ſhould lay down to ſhew ſtrangers their paws, armed with terrible claws, and their throats full of tremendous teeth—at the leaſt ſign from him they lay on their backs, hold up their paws one after another, open their throats, and, as a recompence, obtain the favour of licking his hand. Theſe two animals, of a ſtrong breed, are five years and a half old; they were both of the ſame mother, and have always lived together.

SAILING MATCH.

ON Tueſday, July 23, the amateurs of this ſpecies of amuſement, were highly entertained. Two new boats, upon very different principles, ſtarted for a conſiderable ſum, by way of trial, from Cuckold's Point, to ſail round a ſhort ferry boat moored at Coal Houſe Point, and back. The Atalanta, belonging to a gentleman at Vauxhall, and built by Hodges, upon a plan intended to unite the qualities of a long veſſel, as well as a wide one, which is, in this miniature of a cutter, moſt ſucceſsfully accompliſhed, her bottom being ſo formed that, in light airs, ſhe is a mere ſlip, and when it blows hard, ſhe ſeems to poſſeſs uncommon power to carry ſail. The other

boat

boat was built at Rotherhithe, named the Ann-Sarah, rather the larger boat of the two. This vessel was formed pretty much after the old school, and is certainly a very clever thing. All floor from end to end, shallow body, deep keel, very full bow, straight sheer, a pretty airy stern, her extreme breadth before the mast; but being black-leaded, did not appear to so much advantage as the Atalanta, who was sailed with a bright bottom of rosin and tallow.

At starting, the Ann-Sarah ran away from her antagonist; the Atalanta, however, soon came up with and passed her, kept the lead all the way down, and at the time of hauling her wind to return, was about a mile a-head. The Ann-Sarah, in turning up in the slack, (the tide still running down) drew the Atalanta very considerably, and by the time they got off Gravesend, came slap to windward of her. The contest from the Coal-house point to Tilbury, was supposed to be one of the neatest pieces of manœuvring ever seen, both parties displaying the greatest skill and judgment.

At this moment the well-wishers of the low-bridge boat, gave three cheers, which absolutely seemed to have the effect of electrifying the Atalanta; for at the very instant she shot away from the other boat, kept a-head all the way up, and won by better than a mile.

There were immense numbers of persons collected to see this contest.

The river, and the shores on both sides the water, were lined by thousands of spectators.

A passage to Gravesend was hardly to be got, all the boats being engaged.

Upon the whole, this was one of the best matches ever sailed.

SINGULAR CAUSE,

Respecting a Man Whipping and Injuring the Race Horse Doricles, whilst running at Ludlow.

AT the Salop assizes, a cause was tried between S. Hemmings, Esq. plaintiff, and ——— Chipp, defendant. The action was brought against the defendant, for maliciously whipping and striking the plaintiff's horse Doricles, while running a race on the Ludlow course against Mr. Corbett's mare, Carnation, whereby the plaintiff lost the chance of winning the 50l. plate, for which they were running, and whereby also the plaintiff lost his horse, of the value of three hundred guineas.

The fact was proved beyond all doubt, of the defendant striking the horse several times; but as it was doubtful whether the injury the horse received (which was the breaking of the thigh bone) was occasioned by, or in consequence of, the defendant's conduct, the jury gave a verdict for the plaintiff with 150l. damages only. The defendant is a publican at Ludlow.

The learned Judge, Mr. Justice Rooke, reprobated the conduct of the defendant very highly, and said, while horse-racing was continued, such behaviour should be severely punished, and this was by no means an action for mere *nominal* damages, even though the jury should not be satisfied that the horse received the injury, which occasioned his death by the defendant's means.

DECISION OF THE LATE TROTTING MATCHES.

WE refer our sporting readers to last month's Magazine, for an account of the match over Sunbury common, between Mr. Dixon's brown gelding, and Mr. Bishop's grey gelding, 12st. each.

Mr.

Mr. Bishop, on certain allegations of foul play, (which, however, were never proved, nor even acknowledged by his own jockey) refused paying the money, unless he received the satisfaction of seeing the match trotted over again.—Rather than incur the trouble, and risk the glorious uncertainty of the law, Mr. Dixon very candidly assented to this; and the distance was actually trotted again, with the same jockies, and at the same weights, on the Romford road, on Tuesday morning, June the 25th.—Mr. B. was then satisfied—his horse being beat near a mile; the brown horse trotting over the ground in somewhat less time than before.—B.'s horse was also better ridden this time, and did not turn above twice or thrice.

CAVALRY SWORD EXERCISE; CUT 2.

[*A spirited Engraving, from the design of Mr. Howit, by Mr. Scott.*]

IN our last Magazine, we assigned our reasons for adopting this subject.—The second plate we presume to think equal to the first, and the remainder, when given, not inferior to either.

As the subject has already been treated on in former volumes, we have, on consideration, declined all thoughts of giving any explanation of the plates, as nothing short of practical manœuvres, will ever perfect a gentleman in the exercise.

To the EDITOR *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE following description of an extraordinary hunt, copied from one of the most authentic registers of the time when it *occurred*, may not fail in amusing your readers:

" Between ten and eleven in the morning, (says the Monthly Chronicle for 1728) their majesties, his royal highness the duke, and their royal highnesses the princesses, came to New Park, by Richmond, from Hampton Court, and diverted themselves with hunting a stag, which ran from eleven to one, when he took to the great pond, and defended himself about half an hour; when being killed, and brought out by the help of a boat, the huntsmen sounded the French horns; the skin was taken off and the carcase given to the dogs. His majesty, the duke, and the princess royal, hunted on horseback; her majesty, and the princess Amelia, hunted *in a four-wheel chaise*, and the princess Carolina, *in a two-wheel chaise*. The princesses Mary and Louisa were in a coach. Several of the nobility attended; and, among them, Sir Rob. Walpole, clothed in green as ranger. When the diversion was over, their majesties, the duke, and the princesses, refreshed themselves on the spot with a cold collation; as did the nobility, at some distance of time after, and soon after two in the afternoon, returned to Hampton Court."

PUGILISM, &c.

MONDAY July 29, three pitched battles were fought, about three miles from Tyburn turnpike, on the Uxbridge road.—A great number of people were collected, among whom were most of the celebrated prize-fighters to view the contests. After these battles, a bull was brought to the stake, and baited.

CALCU-

Howitt d. Scott sculp^t

Sword Exercise? Cut. 2.

CALCULATIONS ON A RAFFLE.

THE following are the Odds on a Raffle with Nine Dice, or the highest in Three Throws with Three Dice.

It is	10077695	to 1	that you do not throw	54
It is	1007768	to 1	that you do not throw	53 or more
It is	1832[illegible]9	to 1	that you do not throw	52 or more
It is	45806	to 1	that you do not throw	51 or more
It is	14093	to 1	that you do not throw	50 or more
It is	5032	to 1	that you do not throw	49 or more
It is	[illegible]016	to 1	that you do not throw	48 or more
It is	886	to 1	that you do not throw	47 or more
It is	422	to 1	that you do not throw	46 or more
It is	215	to 1	that you do not throw	45 or more
It is	116	to 1	that you do not throw	44 or more
It is	66	to 1	that you do not throw	43 or more
It is	39	to 1	that you do not throw	42 or more
It is	$24\frac{1}{2}$	to 1	that you do not throw	41 or more
It is	$15\frac{3}{4}$	to 1	that you do not throw	40 or more
It is	$10\frac{1}{2}$	to 1	that you do not throw	39 or more
It is	$7\frac{1}{2}$	to 1	that you do not throw	38 or more
It is very near	5	to 1	that you do not throw	37 or more
It is	$3\frac{1}{2}$	to 1	that you do not throw	36 or more
It is	$2\frac{6}{11}$	to 1	or 28 to 11 that you do not throw	35 or more
It is	11	to 6	that you do not throw	34 or more
It is	9	to 7	that you do not throw	33 or more

It is exactly equal that you throw 32 or more.

The following is inserted as a government to any person who is inclined to sell his chance in the time of the raffle; likewise to him who intends to purchase the highest chance then thrown.

1 out of	3	has a right to throw	36 or more
1 out of	4	ditto	37 ditto
1 out of	5	ditto	38 ditto
1 out of	8	ditto	39 ditto
1 out of	11	ditto	40 ditto
1 out of	17	ditto	41 ditto
1 out of	28	ditto	42 ditto
1 out of	47	ditto	43 ditto
1 out of	81	ditto	44 ditto
1 out of	150	ditto	45 ditto
1 out of	293	ditto	46 ditto
1 out of	613	ditto	47 ditto

An example, by way of explaining the utility of the foregoing table:—Suppose a prize to be put up worth 20l. and that one person throws 40, and that there are eight more to throw; what is his chance worth who threw 40?—Look in the table, and you will find that one out of eleven has a right to throw 40; therefore his chance is worth one half of the whole prize, and $\frac{3}{11}$ of the other half, which is equal to 12l. 14s. $6\frac{1}{2}$d $\frac{2}{11}$ in cases of curiosity.

It is	1585	to 1	that you do not throw	47	neither more nor leſs
It is	807	to 1	ditto	46	ditto
It is	440	to 1	ditto	45	ditto
It is	255	to 1	ditto	44	ditto
It is	156	to 1	ditto	43	ditto
It is	100	to 1	ditto	42	ditto
It is	68	to 1	ditto	41	ditto
It is	48	to 1	ditto	40	ditto
It is	35	to 1	ditto	39	ditto
It is	27	to 1	ditto	38	ditto
It is	21	to 1	ditto	37	ditto
It is	$17\frac{3}{4}$	to 1	ditto	36	ditto
It is	$15\frac{1}{4}$	to 1	ditto	35	ditto
It is	$13\frac{2}{5}$	to 1	ditto	34	ditto
It is	$12\frac{1}{2}$	to 1	ditto	33	ditto
It is	$12\frac{1}{8}$	to 1	ditto	32	ditto

It is 5 to 4 that with three dice you do not throw doublets, or two or three equal faces.

It is 8 to 1 that you do not throw ſequences, ſuch as 1, 2, and 3; or 2, 3, and 4; or 3, 4, and 5; or, 4, 5, and 6.

It is 6 to 5, that with ſix dice, or in three throws with two dice, you throw 21 or more.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

THE game at cheſs is played upon a common French draught board, containing ſixty-four ſquares. The king and his officers, conſiſting of eight pieces, are placed upon the firſt line of the board, the white corner being placed on towards the right hand.—The white king is placed upon the fourth black ſquare—the black king upon the fourth white ſquare oppoſite each other: the white queen upon the fourth white ſquare on the left of her king; the black queen upon the fourth black ſquare on the right of her king. The biſhops on each ſide of the king and queen. The knights on each ſide of the biſhops. The rooks in the two corners of the board next to the knights. The eight pawns to be placed upon the eight ſquares of the ſecond line.

The pieces and pawns on the ſide of the king, derive their names from him, as thoſe on the ſide of the queen do from her, and are called the pawns of the biſhop, of the king, or the biſhop of the queen. The ſquares borrow their names from the pieces, viz. that in which the king ſtands, is called the king's ſquare; where the pawn ſtands is called the king's ſecond ſquare; that beyond it is named the king's fourth ſquare, and ſo on.

The king moves every way, but only one ſquare at a time. He may leap once in the game, either on his own ſide, or on the queen's, (viz. the rook is moved into the next ſquare on the other ſide of him, which is alſo called cuſtling) provided no piece is between him and the rook, nor after this rook has been moved, nor after the king has been moved; nor when the king is in check; nor when the ſquare, over which he means to leap, is viewed by an adverſe man, who would check him in his paſſage. The kings muſt be conſtantly one ſquare diſtant from each other. The queen has the move

of

of the rook and the bishop, moving in a straight line, and also diagonally. The bishops move only angularly. The knights move in an oblique manner upon every third square from black to white, and *vice versa* over the heads of the men. The rooks move in a direct line. A pawn moves in a straight line forward, and takes the enemy angularly. He can move two squares the first move. If the square over which a pawn leaps, is viewed by an opposite man, that man may take the pawn in his passage, and then he must place himself upon the square over which the pawn leaped. A pawn can only move a square at a time, after the first move The rest of the men move backward or forward. When a pawn attains the head of the board upon the first line of the adversary, he may be changed for any one of the pieces which have been lost. The men take the adversary's men who stand in their way, when the road is open for them; or they reject it if the player judges proper. A man should be set down in the same square in which the contrary man is taken. The men can move the whole length or breadth of the board, or from one angle to another, except the kings, knights, and pawns. When the adversary's king is in a situation to be taken, the player must say *check* to him, by which he receives warning to defend himself, either by moving, or covering himself by one of his own men, or taking the man who assaults him: if he cannot effect either of these objects, he is *check-mated.* The king cannot change his square, if, by this operation, he goes into a check. When the king has no man to play, and is not in check, yet is blocked up in such a manner that he cannot move without going into check, this situation is stiled a *stale-mate*, and in this case, the king who is thus stalemated, wins the game.

Rules and Observations for Chess, by the late Mr. Hoyle.

You ought to move your pawns before you stir your pieces, and afterwards to bring out to support them: therefore the kings, queens, and bishops pawns should be first played, in order to open your game well.

You are not therefore to play out any of your pieces early in the game, because you thereby lose moves, in case your adversary has it in his power, by playing a pawn upon them, to make them retire, and also opens his game at the same time; especially avoid playing your queen out, till your game is tolerably well opened.

Avoid giving useless checks; and never give any, unless you thereby gain some advantage, because you may lose the move if he can either take or drive your piece away.

Never crowd your game by having too many pieces together, for fear of choaking up your passage, so as to hinder your advancing or retreating your men as occasion may require.

If your game happens to be crowded, endeavour to free it, by making exchanges of pieces or pawns; or castle your king as soon as you can conveniently.

Endeavour to crowd the adversary's game, which is to be done thus: when he plays out his pieces before he does his pawns, you are to attack them as soon as you can with your pawns, by which you may make him lose moves, and consequently crowd him.

Never attack the adversary's king without a sufficient force; and if he attacks your king, and you have it not in your power to attack his, you are to offer exchanges with him; and if he retires when you present

prefent a piece to exchange with him, he may lofe a man, and confequently you will gain an advantage.

Play your men in fuch good guard of one another, that if any you advance be taken, the adverfe piece may alfo be taken by that which guarded your's; and for this purpofe be fure to have as many guards to your's, as you fee your adverfary advances pieces upon it; and, if you can, let them be of lefs value than thofe that he affails with.

If you find that you cannot well fupport your piece, fee if by attacking one of his that is better, or as good, whether you cannot thereby fave your own.

Never make an attack, but when well provided for it, nor give ufelefs checks, for thereby you open your adverfary's game, and make him ready prepared to pour in a ftrong attack upon you, as foon as your weak one is over.

Never play any man till you have examined whether you are free from danger by your adverfary's laft move; nor offer to attack, till you have confidered what harm he would be able to do you by his next moves, in confequence of your own, that you may prevent his defigns, if dangerous.

When your attack is in a profperous way, never be diverted from purfuing your plan, if poffible, to give him mate, by taking any piece, or other advantage your adverfary may purpofely throw in your way, with the intent, that by fnapping at that bait, he might gain a move that might fruftrate your defign.

In purfuing a well-laid attack, when you find it is neceffary to force your way through your adverfary's defence, with the lofs of fome pieces, if, upon counting as many moves forward as you can, you perceive a profpect of fuccefs, rufh on boldly, and facrifice a piece or two to gain your end; it is from thefe bold attempts that the fineft games are produced.

Never let your queen ftand fo before your king, as that your adverfary, by bringing a rook or a bifhop, might check your king, if fhe were not there, for you might fcarcely have the chance to fave her.

Let not your adverfary's knights, efpecially if duly-guarded, come to check your king and queen, or your king and rook, or your queen and rook, or your two rooks at the fame time; as in the two firft cafes, the king being forced to go out of check, the queen, or the rook, muft be loft; and in the two laft cafes, a rook muft at leaft be loft for a worfe piece.

Take care that no guarded piece belonging to your adverfary, forks two of your pieces.

When the kings have caftled on different fides of the board, the adverfary muft advance upon the other king, the pawns he has on that fide of the board, taking care to bring his pieces, efpecially the queen and rooks, to fupport them; and the king who has caftled, is not to ftir his three pawns till forced to it.

In playing the game, endeavour to have a move, as it were, in ambufh; that is to fay, place the queen's bifhop, or rook, behind a pawn or piece, in fuch a manner, as that upon playing that pawn or piece, you difcover a check upon your adverfary's king, and confequently may often get a piece, or fome other advantage by it.

Never guard an inferior piece with a better, if you can do it with a pawn, becaufe the better piece may in that cafe be, as it were, out of play. For the fame reafon you ought not to guard a pawn with a piece, if you have it in your power to guard it with a pawn.

A pawn paffed, and well fupported, often cofts the adverfary a piece: and

and if you play to win the game only, whenever you have gained a pawn, or any other advantage, and are not in danger of lofing the move by it, make as frequent exchanges as you can.

If you have three pawns each upon the board, and no piece, and you have one of your pawns on one fide of the board, and the other two on the other fide, and your adverfary's three pawns are oppofite to your two pawns, march with your king, as foon as poffible, to take his pawns; and if he goes with the king to fupport them, go on to the queen with your fingle pawn; and if he attempts to prevent him, take his pawns, and pufh the others to the queen.

At the latter end of a game, each party having only three or four pawns on different fides of the board, the kings fhould endeavour to gain the more, in order to win the game. Example.—If you bring your king oppofite your adverfary's king, with only one houfe between you, you will have gained the move.

When your adverfary has his king and one pawn on the board, and you have your king only, you will never lofe that game, if you can bring your king to be oppofite your adverfary's, when he is either immediately before, or on one fide of his pawn, and there is only one houfe between the kings.

When your adverfary has a bifhop and one pawn on the rook's line, and his bifhop is not of the colour that commands the corner houfe his pawn is going to, and you have only your king, if you can get into that corner you cannot lofe the game, but may win it by a ftale mate.

If you have greatly the difadvantage of the game, having only your queen left in play, and your king happens to be in the pofition of ftale-mate, continue giving check to your adverfary's king, taking great care not to check him where he can introduce any of his pieces that conftitute ftale-mate. By purfuing this method you will at laft compel him to take your queen, and then you muft neceffarily win the game by being in a ftale-mate.

Never cover a check with a piece, that a pawn pufhed upon it may take, for fear of only getting that pawn for it.

Be careful that your adverfary's king has always a move, left he fhould get a ftale-mate; you fhould accordingly avoid crowding him up with pawns, for fear you fhould give him a ftale-mate.

LAWS OF CHESS.

Firft. If a player touches his man he muft play it, and if he quits it, he cannot recall it.

Second. If inadvertently, or otherwife, a falfe man is placed, and the adverfary takes no notice of it till after he has played his next move, it cannot be recalled by either of the parties.

Third. In cafe a player mifplaces the men, and he plays two moves, it is at the option of the adverfary to punifh him, to begin the game again, or not.

Fourth. If the adverfary plays, and if even a check, to a player's king, and gives no notice of it, the player may let him ftand ftill till he gives notice of it.

Fifth. After the king is moved, he cannot caftle.

The game of chefs requires greater attention, perhaps, than any other that is played; and a good chefs player will not let his thoughts be diverted by any foreign fubject. To this unremitting application, and the flownefs of the moves, may be afcribed the frequent great length of the games.

LONDON

LONDON SPRING SALES OF HORSES.

THROUGHOUT the Spring, horses of all descriptions, have been in great plenty, particularly at the Repositories, notwithstanding the great military demand. The prices for fashion, qualification, and size, have been very high, however scarce money has been generally supposed. One remarkably handsome and well-shaped hackney found the enormous price of *two hundred and fifty guineas.*—Lots of hunting-like and clever road horses, selected by Mr. Hull, of Moorfields, have been lately sold at the hammer from forty to one hundred and twenty pounds; and in short, the seller of every horse of extraordinary merit or qualification, has been compensated with a very liberal price.—Good middling hacknies have been sold, as usual, by auction, between twenty and thirty pounds a piece; but the number of good horses has been particularly small, and they seem daily to diminish; an extraordinary fact, considering the great and unprecedented encouragement the breeder now experiences, and the very considerable number of well-bred and boney stallions in the country. We desire to press this upon the notice of the gentlemen breeders in various parts of the country, begging they would reflect, that peace must arrive at some period, (we hope far short of eight years) and that then we must supply all Europe with horses. We trust enough will be found for the demand, and of such description as to do honour to the plains of Old England, and to the equestrian skill and judgment of their cultivators.

Two foreign buyers have been upon the market this spring, one for Russia, and one for Germany; the latter, it is said, has been purchasing for an old customer to this country, in the horse way, his Royal Highness the Archduke Charles.

A PHILOSOPHICAL AND PRACTICAL TREATISE ON HORSES, AND ON THE MORAL DUTIES OF MAN TOWARDS THE BRUTE CREATION.

BY JOHN LAWRENCE,

2 vols. 8vo. boards, 14s. *Longman.*

[*Continued from page* 125.]

TRIPPING over a few observations that are not important to our purpose, we shall proceed from page 205, as follows—

When the horse wounds his pastern joints, in going, it is called *knocking*. If the places be healed, an escar will be discovered by the finger, or the fresh-grown hair will be long and uneven. The speedy-cut, and knock, are capital defects in horses; the former natural, and past all remedy, the latter so likewise, except it be the consequence of weakness and low condition.—The width of a horse's chest is no security against knocking, nor is it occasioned by the narrowness of the chest, the stroke being given by the toe or heel; of course those horses are liable to it, which turn the toe either out or in. In the latter case they are stiled pigeon-toed. In a natural defect of this kind, it is ever productive of disappointment and mischief to listen to the proposed remedies of grooms and smiths from shoeing; since your horse would knock, or cut in the speed with his hoofs, if ridden without shoes. The only remedy, is never to ride him without those round leather guards, which have of late years been adopted. To be properly formed for action, a horse ought to go with his feet as near together

together before as possible, without brushing the hair, and proportionally wide behind. When they proceed in the contrary form, (a case by much too frequent), they are said to go with the wrong end first.

Windgalls, improperly so called, are encysted tumours, or bags filled with a gelatinous fluid or jelly, which being pressed from the tendons by over-weight or exertion, stagnates between the joints, and forms for itself those cysts or bags. Their situation upon the pastern-joints is well known. Some horses are very little subject to them, even if hard-worked. Others will have them before they have done any work at all. If not too large, and they feel elastic, and disappear on rest, they do not render the horse unsound; but if large, and soft to the touch, they become exceeding painful, and the horse soon grows lame. The only radical cure is excision, which I have experienced, and shall describe in its place.

The ring-bone, is a hard, or bony escrescence, upon the coronet, which sometimes almost surrounds the top of the hoof, occasioned, perhaps, by the iron lock, which has fastened a clog or fetter; it also may proceed from no visible cause, and is then supposed to be hereditary. However, I have never yet known it effectually cured; the horses supposed to be cured, never standing sound in work.

A quittor, or horny quittor, or whitlow, is also situated on the coronet, or between hair and hoof.—Those which I have seen, were immediately above the inside quarter; when deeply seated, is no otherwise curable, than with the loss of part of the hoof, whence a seam, or apparent partition, up above the heel, called a false quarter. In this latter case, the soundness of the horse can scarce ever be depended on, and he is liable to drop down suddenly on his way, as I have more than once experienced to my cost.

The sand-crack is a small cleft on the external surface of the hoof.—No horse ought to work a single day with one, because, if neglected, or aggravated by work, the crack may enlarge, and end in a quittor, and false quarter.

Of the founder in feet, chest, or body, the symptoms are so well known, as to need no description. Progression seems universally impeded. The horse bears upon his heels, and inclines backward. Few recover, even if the disease be sudden and acute.

Running-thrushes, are a fetid discharge from the frog, the aperture of which, in consequence, appears moist, the horn perhaps decayed. It indicates a strong, full habit, and hard feeding, and has been well compared by Bartlet, to the copious excretion of sweat from human feet, which it would be dangerous to repel. To talk of curing running thrushes, is merely to amuse. Horses much liable to them, will always have tender heels, and should be ridden with bar-shoes.

Corns, upon horses, bear no analogy with those upon the human feet; indeed the term is a misnomer. There are still callous, horny excrescences about horses feet, similar enough, in all respects, to human corns, but they are not so distinguished. We are to suppose the feet of Cæsar's horse had proper corns. The ailment, in question, is called by the French *bleime*, and is, properly, a bruised spot or speck upon the sole of the heel, wearing either a red and bloodshot, or black appearance, according as it is recent, or otherwise, as we observe of the same accident in the human nail. Its most common origin is from bad shoeing, and is curable by the contrary. I have cured

cured, perfectly, very bad corns of two years standing, which never afterwards appeared, in the course of years, the hack dying in my possession.

The feet, in general, may be divided into the extremes of hard and soft, both of which are too frequently met with. I have had two hacks with feet of each kind; one of which, I rode constantly nine, the other occasionally, three or four years. For too hard feet I know of no remedy, except their constantly running abroad, and then a fortnight's work upon the road, will render them so feverish and painful, that your horse will be crippled; in short, will have the appearance of an incipient founder. Over-strong and hard hoofs, are said to occasion lameness, by compressing the internal structure of the foot. Their appearance is usually high and deep, sometimes like ass-hoofs, very hollow, with scarce any frog; sometimes much contracted a top by the coronary rings; at others, deep, thick, and clubbed, and the horse, though sound, goes in a fumbling way. I have, now and then, seen Welch horses with this last description of feet, which soon become lame in the stable. Soft feet, and low tender heels, may do great service throughout, with bar shoes, and constant attention. Bred hacks are apt to have the feet too small; and often you will find horses, with feet of the right black flint colour, and to all appearance unexceptionable, and yet they will stand no service on the road.

Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus, and I think Dr. Bracken's wits must have been at any rate sleepy, when he corrected Sir William Hope for the assertion, that tender-footed horses bear heavy upon the hand; a fact, of which I have had long, and troublesome conviction. We do not often catch the good Doctor napping; but I can mention another instance. To oblige his friend, Sir William Parsons, as it should seem, Bracken disgraced his excellent work, by inserting a cruel and ridiculous pretended remedy for cutting behind; which was, to fasten a knotted whip-cord between the horse's thighs: as if the infliction of tortures, could possibly change mal-conformation, or strengthen weakness. How like to the cruel sophistries of ignorant and cold-hearted political quacks, who punish misfortune *in terrorem*.

Heavy-shouldered horses, and high hammering goers, beat and founder their feet. The ill consequences of being forelow, in a saddle-horse, are sufficiently obvious; but to a pack-horse, it is an advantage. The old prejudice, in favour of short backs, round barrels, and carcase ribbed home up to the huggen-bones, seems to have given way to the reasonings of Bracken; and the idea of an equal, and proper distribution of length, is in general adopted by our sporting people. Indeed, to view the back of a horse, merely as a bearing fixed upon upright columns, the intent of which is solely to stand under a given weight, a short bearing would have the preference; but as the back of a horse is destined to move, as well as sustain weight, it must be considered how far a defect of its longitude, and an irregularity in the general disposition of length, retards action. Our jockies say, "a racer," they might have said a goer, "must have length somewhere." That is perfectly just; but in consequence, it always happens, that a horse which wants length in his back, will be sure to have it in some improper place, the legs for instance. Short-backed stallions are very apt to get leggy, spider-shaped stock. A horse which stands over a great deal of ground, may be a goer, merely by virtue of his general length, if his

shoulder

shoulder be not too unfavourably made.

The spine, being too short, is not sufficiently pliable, and the want of room between the ribs, and hip-bones, occasions the entrails to be so pressed towards the lungs in action, as in a considerable degree to impede inspiration. Length of back will always be found advantageous, when there is sufficient general substance, and particularly, width and swell of the muscles in the loins and fillets; but short backs are infinitely to be preferred to long thin shapes, with hollow flanks, and narrow weak loins.

Hollow backs are apparently weak, and the curvature of the spine, must in degree hinder action, as well as all other irregularities of form. Horses of this form, have sometimes a very elevated crest, look handsomely mounted, give an easy, convenient seat, and are pleasant goers. High, or bream backed horses, throw the saddle forward, and are liable to be galled by it, and are often hard-stumping goers. But a horse (unless a capital one be the object) must never be rejected, merely on account of being either hollow, or swine-backed.

I am uncertain, whether a mare, so much hurt in her loins as to be called broken-backed, would breed; but thoroughly convinced that every horse of that description should be knocked on the head. They are sometimes stiled megrim horses. They will feed, and even get fat.— The defect is discovered by trotting them briskly about two hundred yards, when they will infallibly sink down upon their buttocks; this they will do upon being put to any labour: it is totally incurable. I have seen but two of this kind, one of which I was unlucky enough to purchase; and, to amend the matter, he handled his fore-feet with all the dexterity of a pugilist; a vice, no doubt, acquired from the abuse the poor animal had suffered, in consequence of his deplorable misfortune.

A sinking is sometimes observed at the extremity of the back, as if it were parted from the rump by a cross line, instead of the fillets being oval and elevated; it detracts from strength. The hip-bones, being sharp and not handsomely turned, the horse is said to be ragged-hipped; a defect, in point of beauty, according to the rule laid down in Hogarth's Analysis.

The large carcased horse is generally robust and durable, eats much, requires much water, and digests well. One with a light greyhound belly is speedy, most probably not; if loose, and weak loined, he is seldom worth his keep. These are such as give their jockies the slip, by running through the girths. But a light carcased horse, deep in the girth, and well filletted, may be among the most excellent, both for speed and duration. Such are often found to be good and sufficient feeders, and of rare temperament.

The goose-rump is, as well as the ragged hip, another angular infringement of Hogarth's curve of beauty. If the rump be too high, the hinder will press too much upon the fore-quarters in action. When the quarters droop, they are, in course, too short, and the tail is set on too low. Round, full buttocks, shew the common, or cart breed.

To be hipped, or hipshot, is to have one hip lower than the other, and the flesh wasted on that side.— It may arise from a blow or strain.

A horse lame in the whirl-bone, or hip joint, drags his hind-leg after him, and drops backward when he trots. This lameness, and that of the stifle, if taken in time, and the subject be young, are always curable.

The bay gelding, which I sold to the late Mr. Beaufoy, member for Yarmouth, and which he rode, I believe

believe, near ſeven years, I purchaſed lame in the whirl-bone, at five years old.

Stifled, or lame in the Stifle.—The ſtifle is the knee-pan of the thigh; the ligaments, by which it is articulated to the great bone of the hock, are ſometimes overſtretched, and the ſtifle-bone may be moved, in all directions, by the hand. The horſe will go lame, and only touch the ground with his toe.

Bone-ſpavins are, in the hind, what ſplents are in the fore-legs; but always of much worſe conſequence, becauſe uſually nearer the joint. They are to be felt on the inſide of the hough, or hock. They are ſaid to be hereditary, as well as acquired by ſtrains, the ſignification of which perhaps is, that a horſe may be prediſpoſed to them, by a natural moiſtneſs of conſtitution and laxity of the tendons. They occaſion lameneſs, either perpetual, or at intervals; and as, nine times out of ten, this is the caſe, after a pretended cure, it is ſafeſt to hold them incurable. Spavins, by the pain they occaſion, generally prevent a horſe from getting fleſh.

Bog-ſpavins, termed by the French, *veſſigons*, and improperly called blood-ſpavins by our farriers, are ſwellings like windgalls, ſituate in the hollow or inſide of the hock, and may alſo be ſeen and felt, on each ſide, without. When theſe prevail to any great degree, or the inſide of the hock feels puffed or flabby, inſtead of cloſe, dry, and elaſtic, it it the certain indication of hard ſervice; and although it is often neglected, even by dealers, it is of the utmoſt conſequence to examine the hocks minutely. We have the authority of Bracken, for their being ſafely curable, by exciſion, as well as windgalls; of which I entertain no doubt, although I have never experienced it. When they are large, they occaſion lameneſs, particularly at intervals. I have ſeen heavy, over-grown, three year olds, although they had never been worked, troubled with bog-ſpavins.

A curb, is a ſpavin ſituated along the back part of the hock, juſt below the elbow, or extremity. It runs tapering downwards. After the curb has been extirpated by fire, I have uſually ſeen the horſe go lame.

Capped-hocks, formerly named by Blundeville, hough-bony. This is a ſwelling on the point of the hocks, become callous. It is the general caſe of kickers, which wound their hocks by ſtriking againſt hard bodies.

Jardons, are hard tumors upon the bending of the ham, on the outſide. They ariſe, in managed horſes, from their having been kept too much upon their haunches, and occaſion lameneſs.

Sickle-hams, or ſickle-houghs, in horſes, may be compared to knock or nap-knees in men. The legs bend, the hocks approach each other, and the feet are thrown out. It is an indication of weakneſs, as is every other breach of proportion. Such horſes, when young, are often lame in the hocks, and will cut themſelves notwithſtanding they appear to go wide. They are reckoned ſpeedy.

Sallenders are, behind, the ſame as mallenders before. Rat-tails, ſcratches, crown-ſcab, greaſe, &c. are all viſible enough, or to be felt upon the ſhank, coronet, and paſterns.

What has been ſaid of knocking before, applies exactly to cutting behind. Good ſhape and condition are a ſecurity againſt this. A ſaddle-horſe ought to be frigate-built, ſharp in the keel, and ſpreading behind, in the quarters; of courſe, he ought to go wide behind. When a wide-going horſe cuts, it indicates weakneſs in the loins.

To

To go hammer and pinchers, is to over-reach, and ſtrike the hinder toe upon the fore-heel; the wound thus occaſioned was formerly called an attaint. A horſe which throws his haunches well forward in action, may occaſionally ſtrike the heel of the fore-ſhoes, and ſuch frequently do it; but thoſe which do it at every ſtroke, and diſcover it by the noiſe their ſhoes make, are very dangerous to ride; in fact, fit for nothing but draft. When the thigh is too long, and the angle formed by the hock too extenſive, the horſe is ſubject to ſpavins, from the too great weight thrown upon the hocks, alſo to over-reach.

(To be continued.)

GAME LAWS.

A Queſtion of very general importance to all ſportſmen, and particularly to thoſe who are qualified, was lately brought before the Court of Seſſion in Scotland, at the inſtance of the Earl of Bredalbane, againſt Thomas Livingſton, Eſq. of Parkhall.

In September, 1798, Mr. Livingſton made an excurſion to the muirs of Glenquoich, in Perthſhire, a part of Lord Bredalbane's eſtate, to take the diverſion of muir fowl ſhooting; and having, along with ſome other gentlemen, ſhot and killed the game on the theſe lands, without obtaining leave of his Lordſhip, who brought a proceſs of declarator and damages along with a bill of ſuſpenſion and interdict againſt Mr. Livingſton, for the purpoſe of having it found and declared by decrees of the Court of Seſſion, that Mr. Livingſton, though poſſeſſed of the higheſt qualification at any time required by law for killing game, had no right to hunt upon his Lordſhip's open and unincloſed grounds without his expreſs conſent, and that he ought to be ſubjected in payment of damages and expences.

Counſel for the Earl of Bredalbane, the Lord Advocate, the Dean of Faculty, and Mr. Archibald Campbell; agent, Mr. John Campbell, writer to the ſignet.—For Mr. Livingſton, Mr. Solicitor General, Meſſrs. Wight, Hepburn, Blair, and Hagart; agent, Mr. William Buchan, writer to the ſignet.

For the Earl of Bredalbane it was contended, that the quiet and undiſturbed poſſeſſion of a perſon's property, and the title to protect it, againſt the intruſion of all others, is of all others a very valuable right. That it would be often a very difficult thing to ſhew what damage one perſon ſuſtained by another going into his incloſures or garden; but allowing the damages could be aſcertained, it would ſtill be very abſurd to ſay, that he was obliged to throw open his gates or doors to every corner. But, allowing that there is no intruſion made on incloſed grounds, it nevertheleſs will appear, that very ſerious damages may be done to uncultivated heaths, many of which are now turned into ſheep-walks; and on many ſuch grounds there are young plantations, which, though uninclosed, are of great value. And further, if the defender has a right, as he contends, there could be no claim of damages, even for riding through growing corns; and the proprietor might be obliged to ſtand and look on calmly, while another was deſtroying all the hopes of his harveſt.

Mr. Livingſton contended, that he knew of no law to hinder a qualified ſportſman from following that amuſement, whenever he thought proper, except within incloſures and improved grounds; and never underſtood that the law of Scotland authorized any proprietor of an eſtate to monopolize the game on his grounds, for the uſe of himſelf,

ſelf alone, or his particular friends. That although many regulations have been paſſed with regard to the game laws, yet none of them go againſt the liberty which he claims right to.

In the year 1600, an act was paſſed to reſtrain the common people from ſuch exerciſes; becauſe, if they followed their occupations, they had no need of ſuch amuſements to preſerve their ſtrength and hardineſs; and all perſons were prohibited from ſlaying wild fowl, except "*Sick, as by their revenewes may bear the charges and burdings of the hawlkes and dogs requiſite in ſick paſtymes.*" And it being diſcovered that many perſons killed game at that time, and ſold it to perſons who prefers the awine inordinate appetite and gluttony to recreation, whereby the country has become ſcarce of ſick waires; for remede whereof, *ſeeing in time peace, and in all time bygane the ſaid paſtymes of hunting and halking were the only means and inſtruments to keep the hail lieges bodies fra not becoming altogether effeminat*, our ſoveraigne Lord and Eſtates of Parliament prohibit ſuch practices in future."

From this it was contended, that it was altogether incredible; that an object of ſuch general importance ſhould depend upon the will and pleaſure of any individual landholder, when the legiſlature conſidered it as eſſentially neceſſary to keep the ſtrength and bodies of the lieges in good order.

Lord Cairncroſs, ordinary, after hearing parties, pronounced the following interlocutor:—"Having conſidered the within reaſons of ſuſpenſion, with the proceſs of declarator, which is conjoined herewith, finds the letters orderly proceeded, and aſſoilzies the defender, Thomas Livingſton, from the concluſion of the libel of declarator, at the inſtance of the Earl of Bredalbane; but continues the interdict, at his inſtance, againſt the ſaid Thomas Livingſton and decerns: and further finds no expences due to either party, ſuperſeding extract till the third ſederunt-day in November next; and in order to bring this matter to a ſpeedy concluſion, the Lord Ordinary diſpenſes with any repreſentation againſt this interlocutor, reſerving to the party aggrieved, to apply immediately to the Court for an alteration thereof, if they ſhould be ſo adviſed."

Lord Juſtice Clerk ſaid, he ever looked upon a man's property to be ſacred, and that no one ſhould come upon it, without aſking and obtaining his conſent. It is abſurd to maintain, that a man ſhall have a right to traverſe another's grounds, and defy him to ſay a word againſt it. The law allows, that he ſhall be at liberty to ſtop him, turn him back, and obtain damages, if any are committed.

Lord Bairnley ſaid, he was of the ſame opinion; and, although it was argued by the counſel, that hunting and hawking were encouraged by the legiſlature, yet many of the acts expreſſive of that liberty, had a reference to wild beaſts, wolfs, lions, &c. and when a mad dog is going through the country, then it becomes a common intereſt to have him deſtroyed. Would it be ſaid, that a proprietor can ſtop a perſon when ſimply walking through his grounds? but, if another comes with a hawk in his hand, a fowling-piece over his ſhoulder, or a dog at his foot, that, then no proprietor can ſtop? It is allowed, that no perſon has a right to go through incloſed ground; but his Lordſhip would wiſh to know, what was underſtood to be *incloſed ground?*—Some fenced their grounds in one way, and ſome in another. One would ſay a fence one foot high, incloſed his grounds, that might be diſputed. Another would ſay, he did

did not think grounds inclosed, unless they had such fences as no man could get over.

Lord Cairncross was of a contrary opinion; and said, he was still of the same mind as when he pronounced his interlocutor. He saw the legislature meant to encourage sportsmen, and allowed them to pursue their game wherever they could find it: at the same time, giving as a reason, that it was to prevent our noblemen and gentlemen from growing effeminate, and for preserving their strength and bodies in good order; and he desired to see what other law took away this right. There were laws indeed prohibiting them from hunting on *inclosed grounds*; but when it prohibited them from hunting on those grounds, it certainly implied that they were tolerated on grounds not inclosed: and although he should stand single in his opinion, he could see no reason for altering it.

Lord Eskgrove said, he was no hunter himself, and he should be sorry to see his learned brother prevented from following this healthful sport. Other property, he found, was at the proprietor's will, and exclusive his own; and he could not see why land was not alike sacred. If a gentleman had no power to prevent another from following his sport on his grounds, it might be carried to every species of sport. What then was to hinder them from making a horse race, playing at foot-ball, or the golf, which are very favourite sports? With regard to the law allowing and encouraging hunting, to preserve our nobility and gentry from growing effeminate, he saw little danger of this; but if they had no game to pursue on their own grounds, let them hunt upon the highway; perhaps this would brace their nerves. And as for the common people, they might attend to their necessary avocations; or if that would not do, and if not allowed to hunt, they might play with cannon balls, which was at present a very fashionable diversion, and which, he believed, they would find exercise enough to make them hardy, without trespassing on their neighbour's property, by hunting where they had no right.

The Lord President said, that he was clearly of opinion with the majority of their Lordships; and he knew of no law that could entitle a gentleman to come upon his ground to kill game, without his permission. The game itself was no man's property; from the nature of it it could not be; but the ground whereon that game is found is property; and whoever comes on that without permission, enfringes the rights of the proprietor. The same is the case with a fishing stream. The fish are no man's property; but the banks you occupy in killing these fish, are property; and here the same arguments holds good.—The privilege which one gentleman gives another of hunting on his grounds, is merely the result of civility and good-breeding; and there are few gentlemen refuse such privilege when it is civilly asked. But if a man takes this privilege at his own hand, or demands it as a right, the case becomes very different. He saw no such right in the law.—The law does not even give a right to go through grounds to the parish church without such road has been constituted by servitude. If gentlemen are prohibited from inclosed grounds, what kind of fence is necessary? Would a small fence do? If so, how easy would it be for any gentleman to interdict all sportsmen? Or if he found that he could not prevent their coming there, he had it much in his power to deprive them of all sport, when they came, by killing all the game, or preventing them from harbouring on his grounds, by which means the

game

game might be ſoon routed out, and a ſtop put to this manly exerciſe and healthful ſport in future.

Their Lordſhips then pronounced the following interlocutor:—"Find that the defender had no right to come upon the purſuer's grounds, or ſearch, range for, ſhoot at, or kill the game thereon, without the leave of the purſuer; and renew the interdict, and continue the ſame in all time coming; and find the defender liable in expence of proceſs."

DESCRIPTION OF THE COMBATS OF WILD BEASTS IN JAVA;

The favourite diverſion of the Emperors.

[From Stavorinus's Voyage to the Eaſt Indies.]

WHEN a tiger and a buffalo are to fight together for the amuſement of the court, they are both brought upon the field of combat in cages. The field is ſurrounded by a body of Javeneſe, four deep, with levelled pikes, in order if the creatures endeavour to break through, they may be killed immediately; this, however, is not ſo eaſily effected, but many of theſe poor wretches are torn in pieces, or dreadfully wounded by the enraged animals.

When every thing is in readineſs, the cage of the buffalo is firſt opened at the top, and his back is rubbed with certain leaves, which have the ſingular quality of occaſioning an intolerable degree of pain, and which, from the uſe they are applied to, have been called buffalo-leaves by our people. The door of the cage is then opened, and the animal leaps out, raging with pain, and roaring moſt dreadfully.

The cage of the tiger is then likewiſe opened, and fire is thrown into it to make the beaſt quit it, which he does, generally running backward out of it.

As ſoon as the tiger perceives the buffalo, he ſprings on him; his huge opponent ſtands expecting him, with his horns upon the ground, to catch him upon them, and throws him in the air; if the buffalo ſucceeds in this, and the tiger recovers from his fall, he generally loſes every wiſh of renewing the combat; and if the tiger avoids this firſt attempt of the buffalo, he ſprings upon him, and ſeizing him by the neck, or other parts, tears the fleſh from his bones; in moſt caſes the buffalo has the better.

The Javaneſe, who muſt perform the dangerous office of making theſe animals quit their cages, may not, when they have done, (notwithſtanding they are in great danger of being torn in pieces by the enraged beaſts) leave the open ſpace, before they have ſaluted the emperor ſeveral times, and his majeſty has given them a ſignal to depart; they then retire ſlowly, for they are not permitted to walk faſt, to the circle, and mix with the other Javaneſe.

The emperors ſometimes make criminals, condemned to death, fight with tigers. In ſuch caſes the man is rubbed with borri, or tumeric, and has a yellow piece of cloth put round him; a kris is then given to him, and he is conducted to the field of combat.

The tiger, who has for a long time been kept faſting, falls upon the man with the greateſt fury, and generally ſtrikes him down at once with his paw, but if he is fortunate enough to avoid this, and to wound the animal, ſo that it quits him, the emperor then commands him to attack the tiger, and the man is then generally the victim: and even if he ultimately ſucceeds in killing his ferocious antagoniſt, he muſt ſuffer

ſuffer death, by the command of the emperor.

An officer in our Company's ſervice, who had long been ſtationed at the courts of the Javaneſe emperors, related to me, that he was once witneſs to a moſt extraordinary occurrence of this kind, namely, that a Javaneſe, who had been condemned to be torn in pieces by tigers, and for that purpoſe had been thrown down from the top into a large cage, in which ſeveral tigers were confined, fortunately fell exactly upon the largeſt and fierceſt of them, acroſs whoſe back he ſat aſtride, without the animal doing him any harm, but even, on the contrary, appearing intimidated; while the others alſo, awed by the unuſual poſture and appearance which he made, dared not attempt to deſtroy him; he could not, however, avoid the puniſhment of death, to which he had been condemned, for the emperor commanded him to be ſhot dead in the cage.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

METHOD OF CATCHING TURBOTS.

TURBOTS grow to a large ſize, ſome of them weighing from twenty to thirty pounds. They are chiefly taken off the north coaſt of England, and others off the Dutch coaſt. The large turbot, (as well as other kind of that fiſh) are taken with a hook and line, for they lie in deep water; and the way of taking them in weirs, or ſtaked nets, is very precarious: when the fiſhermen go to fiſh, each perſon is provided with three lines, which are coiled on a flat oblong piece of wicker work; the hooks being baited and placed regularly in the center of the coil, each line is furniſhed with fourteen ſcore hooks, at the diſtance of ſix feet from each other: the hooks are faſtened to the lines upon ſneads of twiſted horſe hair, twenty-ſeven inches in length. When fiſhing, there are always three men in each cobble, and conſequently nine of theſe lines are faſtened together, and uſed as one line, extending near three miles, and furniſhed with two thouſand five hundred and twenty hooks. An anchor and buoy are fixed at the firſt end of the line, and one more of each at the end of each man's lines; in all, four anchors, which are common perforated ſtones, and four buoys made of leather or cork. The line is always laid acroſs the current; the tides of flood and ebb continue on the coaſt an equal time; and, when undiſturbed by winds, run each way about ſix hours; they are ſo rapid, that the fiſhermen can only ſhoot and haul their line at turn of tide; therefore the lines remain on the ground ſix hours; the ſame rapidity of tides prevent their uſing hand lines, therefore two of the men commonly wrap themſelves in the ſail while the other keep a ſtrict look-out, for fear of being run down by ſhips; for ſtorms often riſe ſo ſuddenly, that it is ſometimes with extreme difficulty they can eſcape to ſhore, leaving their lines behind.

The beſt bait is freſh herring, cut in pieces, of a proper ſize; the five men's boats are always furniſhed with nets for taking them; next to herrings are the leſſer lampreys, the hooks are two inches and a half long in the ſhank, and near an inch wide between the ſhank and point; the line, is made of ſmall cording, and always tanned before it is uſed.

Turbots are very delicate in their choice of baits; if a herring or lamprey has been out of water twelve hours, they will not touch it if it is uſed as a bait.

Being a conſtant well-wiſher to your pleaſant miſcellany, I ſhall take the liberty of communicating ſuch

ſuch extracts as I think conſiſtent with your plan, whenſoever I may chance to light on them.

Windſor, I am, your's,
July 14, 1799. C. M. S. S.

REPARTEE OF A LUNATIC.

A Gentleman of the name of Man, who reſided at Deptford a few years ſince, and had a place in the Cuſtom-Houſe there, having conſtantly finiſhed his buſineſs at two o'clock, uſed generally to go home then to dinner. In his walk, he frequently met a gentleman who lived in that neighbourhood, who was known to be diſordered in his intellects, but whoſe conduct had always been inoffenſive. It happened one day, that the madman met him on the cauſeway, and having a large ſtick in his hand, when he came up oppoſite to Mr. Man, made a ſudden ſtop, and ſtriking one end of the ſtick to the ground, whilſt he held it with both his hands, he ſternly aſked, "Who are you, Sir?" The other, not at all alarmed, and thinking to ſoothe his aſſailant with a pun, replied, "Why, Sir, I am a double man; I am a man by name, and a man by nature."—"Are you ſo? (ſays the inſane) Why, then, I am a man *beſide myſelf*, and *we two* will fight *you two*;" immediately upon which he knocked Mr. Man into the ditch, and deliberately walked of.

THE MISSES' DEFENCE.

[*From the Paris Papers.*]

MAMMAS are always crying out againſt the folly and nonſenſicalneſs of new faſhions.—"What extravagance! what frenzy!" ſay they, "It was not ſo in our time. We had what was good and ſubſtantial. There was not ſeen then, as now, nothing but heaps of gew-gaws, equally immodeſt and ridiculous. What a pity!"

Good mammas, be not in ſuch a paſſion, or make ſuch a noiſe. Becauſe we were not eye-witneſſes of the days of your youth, you think, perhaps, it is impoſſible for us to know how you ſet off your charms. But you deceive yourſelves. We have proofs to ſhew, that in luxury and coquetry, your grand-daughters have not yet carried their folly ſo far as their grand-mothers. To convince you of this, I need only to tranſcribe a deſcription of faſhions in your young days, which I found among ſome waſte papers that belonged to my great grandmother.

"The ladies dreſs their heads very high, with a toupet in front, and the hair cut in a bruſh. The point of the toupet, which projects on the forehead, is called the *phyſiognomy*. The curls on each ſide, which are very large and ſeparated, are denominated *attentions*. The bonnets are of great ſize, and ornamented with flowers and Engliſh ribbons. At the back of the bonnet is an aſſemblage of bunches of feathers of various colours, ſupported by a diamond ring, which faſtens them to the head. Of theſe bonnets there are two hundred different kinds from ten livres up to one hundred in price. The bunches of feathers are of prodigious ſize; when they are white, a plume of the colour of the dreſs is worn along with them, or one of jet black. The moſt faſhionable colour for the robe is called "*the Queen's hair*;" next to it in repute is puce-colour. The robes are trimmed with the ſame. Straw-coloured ſatin is very much worn, trimmed variouſly, either with gauze, lace, or fur. They reckon above one hundred and fifty kinds of trimming. Next come painted, brocaded ſatins, each of which has a name.

a name. The most fashionable colour is "*smothered sighs*;" apple-green, stripped with white, is also much in favour—this is called "*lively shepherdess*." The following are the names of the most celebrated trimmings:—"*Indiscretion, grand repute, insensible desire, preference, vapours, sweet sighing, agitation, regrets, honourable composition.*" The hoop petticoats are very small; the slippers always *puce* colour, or *Queen's hair*. It is this part of their dress which particularly distinguishes the magnificence of our fashionables. They are embroidered with diamonds; and it is thus they are almost universally worn. Hence nothing can be so fine as the foot of a woman, though she may not be handsome. Ladies now dare not shew themselves, unless their feet are like a box of jewellery. The slippers are narrow and long, the stripe behind, which is ornamented with emeralds, is called "*Come see it.*" Mantles are banished. Instead of a neck-handkerchief they wear a swan's down tippet, which they call a *cat*. Thus every woman has a cat on her neck. At the back of the shoulders they have devices of lace, gauze, or blonde, very thickly plaited.—This is named the *Archdutchess, Medicis*, Henry the Fourth, or high-collared ruff. The ribbons most in fashion are "*attention, don't despair, eye-dejected, the sigh of Venus, instant, conviction.*" A lady was lately at the opera in a robe of *smothered sighs*, ornamented with *vain regrets*, with a point in the middle of *perfect candour*, and marked *attention*; slippers of *Queen's hair*, embroidered with diamonds of *perfidious strokes*, and a *come see it* in emeralds, curled in *super refined sentiments*, with a bonnet of *secure conquest*, adorned with *wild feathers*, ribbons of *eye dejected*, with a *cat* on her shoulders of the colour of the *strangers*, and a *Medicis* behind mounted in *decency*, with a *despair*, and a muff of *momentary agitation*.

PORTRAIT OF JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE, ESQ.

THERE can be little need of apology for presenting our readers with some account of the private life of a gentleman who is at the head of the profession he has chosen, and whose character is as much esteemed for his personal merits, as it is admired for the talents which have so often contributed to the entertainment of the public.

John Philip Kemble, Esq. was born at Prescot, in Lancashire, in the year 1757. At the time of his birth, Mr. Roger Kemble, his father, was the manager of a company of comedians, who had a regular routine of performances in Lancashire, and some of the neighbouring counties.

At a very early period, young Kemble promised, both in person and talents, to become an ornament of that profession which it was likely that he should adopt. His father placed him at the celebrated Roman Catholic school in Staffordshire, called Sedgeley Park, where he continued till he had acquired such a solid stock of English grammar as qualified him to raise his views to the pursuits of those attainments that complete the education of the scholar and the gentleman. For this purpose he was sent, about the year 1770, to Douay, where he remained several years. Mr. Kemble did not for some time make any figure in the schools; he was, however, from his admission in the University, noted for the happiness of his memory, and a talent that indeed gave an early promise of his present excellence, we mean his delivery, for which he was already so much admired,

mired, that though no one ever went to hear the ſpeeches of any other ſtudent, yet the whole body of Fellows and Profeſſors conſtantly crowded the hall whenever Mr. Kemble was to pronounce an oration. The intervals he ſnatched from neceſſary ſtudies, he dedicated to the perfecting himſelf, and the moſt promiſing of his companions, in the tragedies of Cato and Julius Cæſar, in which his repreſentations of Cato and Brutus were thought maſter-pieces. The time at laſt arrived for Mr. Kemble to riſe in a more honourable celebrity. The poets were put into his hands. His earlieſt compoſitions were approved by all, and a Latin eclogue he wrote on the death of Louis XV. did his college, as well as himſelf, great credit, for it was allowed to be the moſt elegant piece the Univerſity produced on that occaſion. In the height of his academical reputation he forſook his ſtudies, returned to England, about the year 1776, and bowing to the bent of his natural inclination (not to mention the example of his ſiſter, Mrs. Siddons, then playing with Mr. Younger, at the theatre royal, Liverpool) he determined to try his fortune on the ſtage. The part he appeared in was Theodoſius, in Lee's "Force of Love;" the place we believe Wolverhampton. His firſt performance induced Mr. Younger to engage him for the ſupport of the principal characters with Mrs. Siddons.

It is a circumſtance worthy of obſervation, that juſt about this period Garrick retired from the public ſcene; and it ſhould ſeem as if nature took the ſtage under her immediate protection, by thus early endeavouring to atone for the loſs it had recently ſuffered.

The ſucceſs of Mr. Kemble in Theodoſius was well calculated to fan the flame of juvenile ambition; and his next attempt was in Bajazet, in which his talents were ſtill more admired. Leiceſter, Mancheſter, and Liverpool, were the next places in which he ſignalized his abilities.

About this time Mrs. Siddons accepted an invitation to play at Bath; and Mr. Kemble was engaged by Mr. Wilkinſon, and made his entreé at York theatre, Jan. 20, 1779, in the character of Oreſtes, and was received with that applauſe to which his performance was juſtly entitled. Here he continued three years, and gave the town a comedy (altered from Shakeſpeare's Comedy of Errors) called "Oh! its impoſſible;" a farce, called the Female Officer," (ſince performed in London, with ſome alterations, under the title of the "Projects") and a petit piece, entitled the "School for Scandal Scandalized." He altered Maſſenger's "New Way to pay old Debts," and publiſhed a ſmall collection of verſes under the title of "Fugitive Pieces." He likewiſe tried a new ſpecies of entertainment in the York theatre, conſiſting of a repetition of the moſt beautiful odes in the Engliſh language, and the reading of the tales of Le Fevre and Maria, in which he met with great ſucceſs.

We ought not to omit mentioning, that, whilſt in the York company, Mr. Kemble delivered at Leeds a Lecture on Sacred and Prophane Oratory, which, while it proved him a critic in his own profeſſion, obtained him the reputation of taſte with men of letters. It engaged him alſo in a paper war, and cauſed the inſertion of ſeveral ingenious ſtrictures on the ſubject of his lecture in the Leed's Intelligencer.

Mr. Wilkinſon having taken the Edinburgh theatre, during the races in 1781, Mr. Kemble played a few nights there, and was received with all the applauſe he merited. He ſoon after was engaged by Mr. Daly, for the Smock-alley, Dublin, where

where he made his firſt appearance in the character of Hamlet.—How he was received, and how frequently the play was repeated, is well known. Early in the winter, Mr. Jephſon's "Count of Narbonne" was acted, in which Mr. Kemble ſuſtained the principal character. Such are the intrinſic merits of that play, and ſo ſucceſsful were Mr. Kemble's efforts in ſeconding them, that the piece was repreſented thirty nights in the courſe of the ſeaſon.

Having performed about two years in Ireland, his reputation was ſo high, that the managers of Drury-lane theatre thought it their intereſt to invite him, by the offer of a conſiderable ſalary, to take a ſtation worthy of his talents in that venerable aſylum of the Dramatic Muſe.

In October 1783, he made his firſt appearance on the boards of Old Drury, in the arduous character of Hamlet, for which he was admirably adapted by his perſon, his manners, and his literary acquiſitions.—There was no doubt as to his talents, even amongſt the warmeſt admirers of the great actor, who had recently made his awful exit from the ſtage of life. Mr. Kemble was at once acknowledged to be an actor of the firſt-rate merit, but having more deeply ſtudied his author than had been uſual with the careleſs ſons and daughters of Theſpis, or the ſhallow critics of the day, his judicious reſtorations of the original text were contemptuouſly ſtigmatized by the name of NEW READINGS, as if they were the fantaſtic innovations of pedantry and affectation. The full cry of diurnal malignity was therefore directed againſt him, and all his performances were ſcrutinized by the jaundiced eye of Envy and Malevolence—anxious to detect a fault, and oppreſſed by the apprehenſion of meeting with a beauty. This ſtorm of ignorance and malice, however, ſoon gave way before the ſober judgment of the public; happy to find a new performer of diſtinguiſhed excellence, more particularly as that performer ſeemed reſolved to break through the trammels of mere preſcription, and while he guarded the text of his author with due reverence and care, was, however, diſpoſed to aſſert the independence of his own mind, and think for himſelf in paſſages ſo obſcure, as to juſtify the contentions of criticiſm.

The progreſs of his fame, and the propriety of his private conduct, neceſſarily pointed him out as the moſt proper perſon to fill a vacancy which occurred in the year 1788, when he was inveſted with the management of Drury-lane theatre; a ſtation which he ſupported with judgment, liberality, and ſpirit, till near the cloſe of the ſeaſon of 1796, when the difficulty of giving due attention to ſo active an employment, and of ſupporting, at the ſame time, the duties of his profeſſion as an actor, added, perhaps, to ſome unpleaſant circumſtances connected with the former capacity, induced him to reſign it.

As an actor, it would be impertinent, in this place, to give a delineation of merits ſo well known to the public, and ſo deſervedly the object of general admiration. In parts of the heroic kind, where a dignified energy is the eſſential feature, or in philoſophic declamation, he has perhaps never been excelled. His comedy certainly does not rank with his tragic exertions; but, where good ſenſe, liberal ſpirit, gentlemanly manners, and ſatirical pleaſantry combine, he fully ſatisfies the expectation of criticiſm.

Mr. Kemble, whether on or off the ſtage, never loſes ſight of his profeſſion: while he is performing, he is attentive at the minuteſt circumſtance that relates to the character

character he has assumed, whether it belongs to the character in itself, or to the sentiments expressed by any others of the scene. When he is off the stage, he is vigilantly engaged in the pursuit of whatever may be connected with the history or illustration of his art. He has therefore, at a very considerable expence, made a collection of the dramatic works of British genius—a collection that is not perhaps to be equalled in this country; and, during the time of his management, the public were indebted to him for the revival of many pieces of acknowledged merit, which had been long neglected, and almost forgotten, but which his judicious alterations have contributed to restore to their original popularity.

PIZARRO.

MR. Sheridan's dedication of the play to his lady, is thus neatly expressed:—"To HER, whose approbation of this drama, and whose peculiar delight in the applause it has received from the public, have been to me the highest gratification its success has produced—I dedicate this play."

Of the excellencies of this drama, our readers may form an opinion from the following passages.—The hero of the piece is thus described:

Rolla, the kinsman of the king, is the idol of our army; in war a tiger, chafed by the hunter's spear; in peace as gentle as the unweaned lamb. Cora was once betrothed to him; but finding she preferred Alonzo, he resigned his claim, and, I fear, his peace, to friendship and to Cora's happiness; yet still he loves her with a pure and holy fire.

Elvira. Oh, men! ye who, wearied by the fond fidelity of virtuous love, seek in the wanton's flattery a new delight, oh! ye ma insult and leave the hearts to whic your faith was pledged, and, stifling self-reproach, may fear no other peril; because such hearts, howe'er you injure and desert them, have yet the proud retreat of an unspotted fame—of unreproaching conscience. But beware the desperate libertine who forsakes the creature whom his arts have first deprived of all natural protection—of all self consolation! What has he left her? Despair and vengeance!

PARENTAL AFFECTION.

Cora. Now confess, does he resemble thee, or not?

Alonzo. Indeed he is liker thee—thy rosy softness, thy smiling gentleness.

Cora. But his auburn hair, the colour of his eyes, Alonzo.—O! my lord's image, and my heart's adored! (Pressing the child to her bosom.)

Alonzo. The little darling urchin robs me, I doubt, of some portion of thy love, my Cora. At least, he shares caresses, which, till his birth, were only mine.

Cora. Oh no, Alonzo! a mother's love for her dear babe is not a stealth, or taken from the father's store; it is a new delight that turns with quicken'd gratitude to him, the author of her augmented bliss.

Alonzo. Could Cora think me serious?

Cora. I am sure he will speak soon: then will be the last of the three holy days allowed by Nature's sanction to the fond anxious mother's heart.

Alonzo. What are those three?

Cora. The extacy of his birth I pass; that in part is selfish: but when first the white blossoms of his teeth appear, breaking the crimson buds that did incase them, that is a day of joy: next, when from his father's arms he runs without support, and clings, laughing and delighted,

delighted, to his mother's knee, that is the mother's heart's next holiday; and sweeter still the third, whene'er his little stammering tongue shall utter the grateful sound of, Father, Mother!—O! that is the dearest joy of all!"

On the threatened invasion of Peru, by the Spaniards, Rolla thus addresses his troops:

"My brave associates—partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame!—can Rolla's words add vigour to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts?—No, you have judged as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you.—Your generous spirit has compared as mine has, the motives which, in a war like this, can animate their minds and ours.—They, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule—we, for our country, our altars, and our homes.—They follow an adventurer whom they fear, and obey a power which they hate; we serve a monarch whom we love—a God whom we adore.—Whene'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress!—Where'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship!—They boast, they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error!—Yes—they will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride.—They offer us their protection—yes, with such protection as vultures give to lambs—covering and devouring them!—They call on us to barter all of good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better which they promise.—Be our plain answer this: The throne we honour is the people's choice—the laws we reverence are our brave father's legacy—the faith we follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die with hope of bliss beyond the grave.—Tell your invaders this, and tell them too, we seek no change, and least of all, such change as they could bring us."

Ataliba (the Inca) *draws his sword.* "Now, my brethren, my sons, my friends, I know your valour.—Should ill success assail us, be despair the last feeling of your hearts.—If successful, let mercy be the first."

Ataliba. "In the name of my people, the saviour of whose sovereign you have this day been, accept this emblem of his gratitude. *(Giving Rolla his sun of diamonds.)*—The tear that falls upon it may for a moment dim its lustre, yet does it not impair the value of the gift."

Alonzo, (whilst a prisoner to the tyrant Pizarro, who reproaches him as a deserter, and traitor to his country, thus speaks): "Deserter I am none! I was not born among robbers! pirates! murderers!—When those legions, lured by the abhorred lust of gold, and by thy foul ambition urged, forgot the honour of Castilians, and forsook the duties of humanity, they deserted me. I have not warred against my native land, but against those who have usurped its power. The banners of my country, when first I followed arms beneath them, were Justice, Faith, and Mercy. If these are beaten down and trampled under foot—I have no country, nor exists the power entitled to reproach me with revolt."

Alonzo.—"For the last time, I have beheld the shadow'd ocean close upon the light.—For the last time, thro' my cleft dungeon's roof, I now behold the quivering lustre of the stars.—For the last time, O sun! (and soon the hour) I shall behold thy rising, and thy level beams melting the pale mists of morn to glittering dew drops.—Then

Then comes my death, and in the morning of my day, I fall, which—No, Alonzo, date not the life which thou hast run, by the mean reck'ning of the hours and days, which thou hast breath'd: a life spent worthily should be measured by a nobler line—by deeds, not years—Then woud'st thou murmur not, but bless the Providence, which in so short a span, made thee the instrument of wide and spreading blessings, to the helpless and oppressed!—Tho' sinking in decrepid age—he prematurely falls, whose memory records no benefit conferred by him on man: they only have lived long, who have lived virtuously."

Rolla. "Oh! holy Nature! thou do'st never plead in vain.—There is not, of our earth, a creature bearing form, and life, human or savage—native of the forest wild, or giddy air—around whose parent bosom, THOU hast not a cord entwined of power to tie them to their offspring's claims, and at thy will to draw them back to thee. On iron pennons borne—the blood-stain'd vulture, cleaves the storm—yet, is the plumage closest to her heart, soft as the cygnet's down, and o'er her unshell'd brood, the murmuring ring-dove sits not more gently!"

Rolla. "That soldier, mark me, (to Elvira, who proposed his death) is a man.—All are not men that bear the human form. He refus'd my prayers—refus'd my gold—denying to admit me—till his own feelings brib'd him.—For my nation's safety, I would not harm that man!"

Rolla, dropping the dagger. (To Pizarro, the Spanish tyrant.) "Can Pizarro be surprised at this? I thought forgiveness of injuries had been the Christian's precept—Thou seest, at least, it is the Peruvian's practice."

Elvira. "And now, farewell, world!—Rolla, farewell!—Farewell, thou condemn'd of Heav'n! (to Pizarro)—for repentance and remorse, I know, will never touch thy heart.—We shall meet again.—Ha! be it thy horror here, to know that we shall meet hereafter! And when thy parting hour approaches—hark to the knell, whose dreadful beat will strike to thy despairing soul.—Then, will vibrate on thy ear, the curses of the cloister'd saint from whom you stole me. Then, the last shrieks which burst from my mother's breaking heart, as she died, appealing to her God against the seducer of her child! Then the blood-stifled groan of my murder'd brother—murdered by thee, fell monster!—seeking atonement for his sister's ruined honour.—I hear them now!—To me, the recollection's madness!—At such an hour—what will it be to thee?"

Rolla. "Pizarro! thou hast set my heart on fire—if thou do'st harm that child—think not his blood will sink into the barren sand—No! faithful to the eager hope that now trembles in this indignant heart—'twill rise to the common God of nature and humanity, and cry aloud for vengeance on its accurs'd destroyer's head."

Elvira. "Valverde, you have preserved my life. Cherish humanity—avoid the foul examples thou hast view'd.—Spaniards, returning to your native home, assure your rulers, they mistake the road to glory, or to power.—Tell them, that the pursuits of avarice, conquest, and ambition, never yet made a people happy, or a nation great.

THE NOTED JIGG,

SMUGGLER, HORSE-STEALER, *&c.*

AT the last Salisbury assizes, Thomas Wilson, alias Pettit, alias Jack Jigg, alias Gibbs, alias Gib, alias Morgan, alias Williams, was

was tried for stealing a horse at Albourne, in the county of Wilts, the property of Mr. Stephen Neate, and was also convicted chiefly on the evidence of an accomplice, Thomas Sions, alias Jacob Dell: the witness, on his cross-examination, admitted that he had some little pique against the prisoner, on account of his having always assumed the master, and rode the best horses, whilst himself was obliged to act the servant; and he scarcely denied, that when he got rid of this master, he should set up for himself.—Wilson, alias Jigg, &c. is reprieved; there is a detainer against him for a burglary in Kent, where, and in the adjoining county of Sussex, he has long been notorious.

THE BUSTARD.

[*With an Etching by Mr. Howit.*]

BUSTARDS were formerly more frequent in this island than at present; they are now found only in the open counties of the South and East, in the plains of Wiltshire, Dorsetshire, and in some parts of Yorkshire; they were formerly met with in Scotland, but are now supposed to be extinct there. They are slow in taking wing, but run with great rapidity; and when young, are frequently taken with greyhounds, which pursue them with great avidity. The chase is said to afford excellent diversion.

The great bustard is granivorous, feeding on herbs and grain of various kinds: it is also fond of those worms which are seen to come out of the ground in great numbers before sun-rise in the summer. In winter, it frequently feeds on the bark of trees. Like the ostrich, it swallows small stones, bits of metal, and the like. The female makes no nest, but, making a hole on the ground, she drops two eggs, about the size of those of a goose, of a pale olive brown, with dark spots. She sometimes leaves her eggs in quest of food; and if, during her absence, any one should handle, or even breathe upon them, she immediately abandons her nest. Bustards are found in various parts of Europe, Asia, and Africa; but have hitherto never been discovered on the New Continent.

THE HARES WITH THE RED RIBBAND.

WHILE the immortal John James Rousseau resided in the solitary little hermitage, near Montmorency, one of his rich neighbours, a great sportsman, and extremely jealous of his rights and privileges, hearing that one of his hares had suffered itself to be taken among the philosopher's cabbages, was loud in his threats in consequence of this breach of privilege. —But, to assuage his anger, Rousseau sent him a letter, professing the greatest respect for the privileges of the nobleman, and concluding his epistle in these words:—"But most noble sire, that I may be able, in future, to distinguish your hares from those of other persons, be so good as to decorate them with a red ribband."

AN UNLUCKY WILD GOOSE CHASE.

A Short time since, upon the accession of a magistrate to a lucrative office, near Bern, in Switzerland, he was determined to entertain his friends, by keeping open house for several days. But, previous to this, it was necessary that the old mansion he was to inhabit, should be thoroughly aired and cleaned. One of the last persons employed

employed in this business, was, according to all repute, an honest chimney-sweeper, who not having finished his labours on the morning of the day upon which the festivity was to commence, in his peregrinations through some of the upper rooms of that spacious building, he unhappily strayed into an apartment nearly filled with wild-fowl and dead game of almost every description. In the midst of this inviting profusion, he was seized upon by the spirit of rapine, and immediately thought of nothing else but appropriating some part of it to his own taste and appetite.

As there was scarcely any thing too large for his capacious soot-bag, he fixed, without further hesitation, upon a couple of wild-geese that were suspended from the upper frame of a window, that opened into a back yard. To these, after looking carefully and suspiciously around, he approached, and taking his knife out of his pocket, seized the legs of the fowls, to cut the string by which they were suspended; when, as many things sometimes fall out between the cup and the lip, the string gave way, and down went the sable plunderer below the level of the ground, viz. into a privy just opened; while the yielding quality of its contents, was the only means that saved him from being dashed to pieces.

From this slough of despond, "with all his blushing honours thick upon him," he was drawn, without any material injury, and under this appearance, was exhibited to a number of the guests who had arrived. To inflict any other punishment upon him than that of exposure, was at that time impracticable, as the hardiest of his enemies would scarcely have ventured to approach him, thus clad in impenetrable armour. At length, two of his acquaintance being sent for, they involved him in a truss of straw, laid him upon a truck, and in that situation conveyed him to Bern, where the unsuccessfulness of his enterprise, and the trouble occasioned by it to his better half, no doubt exposed him to a lecture, which many men, better than himself, have had occasion to remember.

A MUSICAL BEAR!

THE following whimsical article appears in a Paris paper, under the head of Constantinople, March 18:—

"A comical adventure has happened here, which is the subject of conversation among all our ladies, Turks, Greeks, Jewesses, and Armenians.

"A man named Restaurini, was invited here about twelve years ago to play the part of a buffoon at the theatre which the Swedish Minister had fitted up at his house. This man, who did not want talents, had given himself up for some time past to a very dissipated course of life. Being reduced to great distress, he associated with one of his own description, with whom he concerted the means of making a little fortune rapidly. The latter was possessed of a bear's skin complete, and in excellent preservation. Restaurini proposed to muffle himself in it in such a manner as to impose on spectators, and to have the officers of the Seraglio immediately informed, that a wonderful bear was just arrived, who was skilled in music, and played on the forte piano.—The proposal was accepted, and measures taken accordingly, which met with the greatest success.—The Grand Seignior, informed of this phænomenon, was desirous to be convinced of its reality, and ordered the miraculous bear to be brought before him. The animal accordingly appeared with his conductor,

conductor, and played his part so dexterously, and with such success, that the sum of five hundred piasters was given to the conductor, with orders, however, to leave the bear, with which the Grand Seignior was much pleased, and desirous to purchase. The conductor took the money, and withdrew hastily to hide himself.

Restaurini, a prey to the most lively anxiety, remained amidst a crowd of eunuchs, who made him repeat his lesson several times, and then gave him in charge to two domestics to conduct to the menagerie. On the way, Restaurini thought how he might make his escape. A bear has the means then of imposing on two men who reckon on his docility. Accordingly, on his leaving the Seraglio, he shook himself with great violence, made one of his conductors let go his hold, overturned the other, and began to run, not like a bear, but on two legs. Favoured by the terror which he inspired, he reached Bacce Capchi, with a view to cross the port, and gain Pera. At the sudden appearance of this terrible animal, the boatmen abandoned their boats.—The bear seized the opportunity, leaped into one of them, and taking an oar, began to row towards Tophana. There he landed: and there his appearance spread the same terror and dismay. Restaurini, now flattered himself with being able to effect his retreat safe and sound; but men often run a-ground in port:—This was the case of the musician. The exertion which he had made in darting out of the boat, burst the bear's skin, and Restaurini appeared through his envelope. Some Janissaries, who observed the metamorphosis, ran up and stopped the ex-bear. They brought him back to the Seraglio, where a most dreadful bastinado was administered to him by the very same eunuchs whom he had so much diverted. Contenting themselves with this chastisement, they drove him away.

Since this adventure, Restaurini has not made his appearance, not more from shame than indignation at being disappointed of the five hundred piastres, with which his companion has decamped."

THE HOP-DEALER DETECTED.

AT Worcester assizes, George Soleby was found guilty of stealing a handkerchief at the Hop-Market Inn, Worcester, and ordered to be transported for seven years. The following are the circumstances of his case: he is a Hop-dealer of considerable property and respectable connections, and frequented the above Inn, where the customers had for some time past complained of the loss of their handkerchiefs from the pockets of their great coats, which were generally hung up in the common sitting parlour as they arrived, before they went out to attend the market. Some suspicion, however, at last attaching to the prisoner, the landlord, Mr. Burton, was requested to purchase a silk handkerchief; and, after having it properly marked, to deposit it in the pocket of one of the coats in the room, while a person was placed in a proper situation to give notice of the depredator. Soleby soon entered, and commencing a general search, could not possibly resist the temptation of this silken prize, which he purloined, and secreted in his breeches!!—He was suffered to go out into the street, where he was publicly exposed and taken into custody. Bail to a very considerable amount was offered at the time of his commitment, but refused; and Mr. Burton, from respect to his family, might have been induced to forego the prosecution, had not his

his cuſtomers peremptorily inſiſted on an example being made of ſo dangerous and unprincipled an offender.

MANNERS OF THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS.

THE ſocieties of religious perſons who have with ſo much piety and fervour undertaken to propagate the light of chriſtianity in the iſlands which are ſpread over the immenſe ſurface of the ſouthern ocean, muſt be greatly pleaſed with the ſucceſs of their firſt great effort. They have undertaken the generous taſk with the ſpirit of the pureſt benevolence, and at a moſt ſeaſonable period, when they may happily correct the miſchiefs which the previous viſits of European navigators inflicted upon theſe remote people.

It appears too certain, that the firſt fruits of our communication with the iſlanders, was to plant among them our moſt inveterate diſeaſes, the fatal progreſs of which is moſt rapid. The miſſionaries will materially contribute to their reſtoration to health. They will be known to them only by the favours they confer, not the injuries they commit, and their example will, no doubt, in the progreſs of time, make a happy change in their condition and lives. They will not find a barren ſoil to cultivate. The following anecdote will ſhew, that, though the original vices ſtill prevail in Otaheite, the people are capable of tenderneſs, attachment, and virtue. The ſtory of Peggy is peculiarly affecting.

"The women of quality allow themſelves greater liberties than their inferiors, and many of the *Arreoy* women pride themſelves on the number of their admirers, and live in a fearfully promiſcuous intercourſe. Few children can be the conſequence, and theſe are univerſally murdered the moment they are born. Yet with all this, many are true and tender wives; their large families prove their ſacred attachment to the individual with whom they are united, and our European ſailors who have cohabited with them, have declared that more faithful and affectionate creatures to them and to their children, could no where be found. The hiſtory of Peggy Stewart marks a tenderneſs of heart that never will be heard without emotion: ſhe was daughter of a chief, and taken for his wife by Mr. Stewart, one of the unhappy mutineers that accompanied Chriſtian, and ſettled in the iſland. They had lived with the old chief in the moſt tender ſtate of endearment; a beautiful little girl had been the fruit of their union, and was at the breaſt when the Pandora arrived, ſeized the criminals, and ſecured them in irons on board the ſhip. Frantic with grief, the unhappy Peggy, for ſo he had named her, flew with her infant in a canoe to the arms of her huſband; the interview was ſo affecting and afflicting, that the officers on board were overwhelmed with anguiſh; and Stewart himſelf, unable to bear the heart-rending ſcene, begged ſhe might not again be admitted on board; ſhe was parted from him by violence, and conveyed on ſhore in a ſtate of deſpair and grief, too big for utterance. Withheld from him, and forbidden to come any more on board, ſhe ſunk into the deepeſt dejection; it preyed on her vitals; ſhe loſt all reliſh for food and life—rejoiced no more—pined under a rapid decay of two months, and fell a victim to her feelings, dying literally of a broken heart. Her child is yet alive, and the tender object of our care, having been brought up by a ſiſter, who nurſed it as her own, and has diſcharged all the duties of an affectionate mother to the orphan infant."

The

The missionaries found in these luxurious islands, all the temptations which the former navigators had so richly described; but their piety triumphed over every seduction, and their narrative acquires additional interest from the candid manner in which they state the amorous perils that they underwent.

The following is their account of the first appearance of the natives of the island of Santa Christina:

"Our first visitors from the shore of Santa Christina came early; they were seven beautiful young women, swimming quite naked, except a few green leaves tied round their middle: they kept playing round the ship for three hours, calling, "*Waheine! Waheine!*" that is, *Women, or we are Women*, until several of the native men had got on board, one of whom, being the chief of the island, requested that his sister might be taken on board, which was complied with. She was of a fair complexion, inclining to a healthy yellow, with a tint of red in her cheek; was rather stout, but possessing such symmetry of features, as did all her companions, that as models for the statuary and painter, their equals can seldom be found. Our Otaheitean girl, who was tolerably fair, and had a comely person, was, notwithstanding, greatly eclipsed by these women, and, I believe, felt her inferiority in no small degree: however, she was superior in the amiableness of her manners, and possessed more of the softness and tender feeling of the sex. She was ashamed to see a woman upon the deck quite naked, and supplied her with a complete dress of Otaheitean cloth, which set her off to great advantage, and encouraged those in the water, whose numbers were now greatly increased, to importune for admission; and out of pity to them, as we saw they would not return, we took them on board: but they were in a measure disappointed, for they could not all succeed so well as the first in getting clothed; nor did our mischievous goats even suffer them to keep their green leaves, but as they turned to avoid them, they were attacked on each side alternately, and compleatly stripped naked."

(To be continued.)

ABSTRACT OF THE NEW PORTERAGE ACT.

THE act directs, that from and after the 5th of July, 1799, no inn-keeper, warehouse-keeper, or other person, to whom any thing whatever, not exceeding fifty-six pounds weight, or any porter or other person employed in the porterage or delivery of goods in the above-named places, not exceeding half a mile from such receiving houses, in the several streets and places within the said cities, &c. shall demand or take more than the following porterage:

For any distance not exceeding a quarter of a mile, the sum of three-pence.

For any greater distance than a quarter of a mile, but not exceeding half a mile, the sum of four-pence.

For any greater distance than half a mile, but not exceeding one mile, the sum of six-pence.

For any greater distance than one mile, but not exceeding one mile and an half, the sum of eight-pence.

For any greater distance than one mile and an half, but not exceeding two miles, the sum of ten-pence; and so in like manner the additional sum of three-pence for every further distance not exceeding half a mile.

2. Any person employed in the

 porterage

porterage or delivery of any boxes, parcels, game, or other things, shall not ask or take more than the above rates, under a penalty for every offence of twenty shillings.

3. Before any parcel is sent from the place to which the same is brought, there shall be given to the person employed in the delivery thereof, a ticket, whereon shall be so distinctly printed the name and description of the place from which such things are sent, and the sum due for the carriage thereof, and also the sum due for the porterage, according to the above rates, together with the name of the porter, who must deliver the ticket with the goods, under a penalty, for every breach of the act, on every person who shall send such goods without such ticket, of a sum of forty shillings. The person employed to deliver any article, who shall not leave therewith such ticket, or who shall wilfully alter or deface any thing expressed thereon, shall, for every such offence, forfeit forty shillings. If the person who delivers the article, asks or receives any greater sum for the carriage, &c. than is specified on the ticket, he shall, for every such offence, forfeit twenty shillings.

4. Boxes, &c. brought to inns and other places, in any public stage-coach or carriage, (except stage-waggons) for delivery, shall be delivered as directed, within six hours after arrival, unless ordered to be left till called for, and unless such arrival be between the hours of four in the evening and seven in the morning, when the delivery is to be made within six hours after such seven in the morning. The penalty for every offence against this part of the act is twenty shillings.

5. Articles brought to any place by any stage-waggon within the aforesaid limits, shall be delivered according to direction, within twenty-four hours after arrival at such inn, &c. except ordered to be left till called for. Every innkeeper, &c. to forfeit twenty shillings for each offence.

6. Articles brought to such inn, &c. and directed to be left till called for, shall, on demand, be delivered to the person authorized to receive the same without any charge but what is justly due for carriage, together with two-pence for warehouse room. The violation of any part of this clause, subjects the innkeeper, &c. to a fine of twenty shillings.

7. Nevertheless, that if articles directed to be left till called for, be not sent for before the end of one week after arrival at such inn, &c. the innkeeper may charge one penny additional for warehouse room, and also a penny for each week longer of their remaining in his custody.

8. If any article not directed to be left till called for, shall be demanded by any person properly authorized to receive it, the same shall be delivered to him, and the innkeeper, &c. may charge him what is justly due for the carriage thereof, and also two-pence for warehouse room; but if the article be not delivered upon such demand, or any other charge than the aforesaid be made, the innkeeper forfeits twenty shillings.

A number of clauses follow, describing the mode of legal appeal in cases where the letter of the act is not abided by.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

Account of a successful Race over an Election Course, some years since, as related by one of the Agents.

LADY D—— being at Bath, sat for her picture, and the painter executing his business in so vigorous and forcible a manner, and so entirely to her ladyship's satisfaction,

faction, for his reward, he obtained the original, together with five thousand pounds a year. Of course, the next decent thing in request, was a seat in parliament.—A fashionable advertisement opportunely afforded intelligence to the would-be senator, when and where his patriotic wishes might be gratified, and about what expence. A certain borough, near Barnstable, Devon, was the place proposed. The day of election approached, and the husband of lady D——, having engaged an agent to attend him, at the certain premium of two hundred guineas, and an eventual addition of three, if the business turned out successful, and with a brace of thousands in his own pocket for travelling expences, prepared to set out upon his journey to the scene of action. On a sudden a fit of the spleen, or of caprice, to which such folk are now and then troubled, on a due sense of his own insufficiency coming across him, he changed his mind, and at once relinquished the business.

In the mean time, the old members, one of whom had given some cause of dissatisfaction to his constituents, had contrived to play a pretty sure game, and neither feared, nor expected any opposition.—But on the very morning of election, it happened, that a fine fellow, with a *red* scarlet coat and gold binding, attended by a servant in very smart livery, made his appearance at the borough, in a phaeton and four. The good people, with their wise heads full of election, and indeed strong desires of an opposition, never dreamed but this gentleman was come to their town expressly on purpose to offer himself a candidate, and to enter at the post. Full-fraught with this idea, which according with their wishes, banished every other of more common sense and probability; they attended the supposed candidate in a large body, with repeated huzzas, all the way to the inn.

Our gentleman, who was neither more nor less than an Irish *Chevalier d'Industrie*, who had made the grand in all sorts of characters, that of a *Charlatan*, or quack doctor in particular, and with remarkable success, could not for the soul of him divine what the devil the people had got into their heads; but men of genius like him, never being at a loss, he put the best face on the matter, bowed, looked wonderfully gracious, and drove on in a very stately way. Having alighted, mine host received the supposed candidate with the most profound respect, congratulating him on his arrival in the very nick of time, as the *election* would begin in about four hours; in which, from the disposition of the people, he need not doubt the most complete success.—The well-travelled candidate comprehended the nature of the business in an instant, and the proper cards he had to play. On a hint from the landlord, he ascended a very convenient balcony, which overlooked the street, where he might be viewed to advantage by the mob; amongst whom he threw some handfuls of silver, provided for the occasion.

The news of his arrival flew like lightning through the town, and soon reached the other candidates, who were alarmed at the intelligence, having particular reasons for avoiding a contest. They instantly dispatched a messenger to the new-comer, requesting the favour of his name, and permission to attend him. A meeting was agreed on forthwith, and held.—The old members now represented to their presumed opponent, the great interest in the borough, their wish to preserve its peace, and the impossibility of his success. In short, after urging all sorts of arguments to deter him, they, *en dernier*

nier resort, fairly offered him a douceur of a thousand pounds to decline the contest. The candidate at this, felt himself offended, abashed. He replied very becomingly, he knew not where they could have gathered such an opinion of him, as to suppose he had come all the way he had, either on such paltry motives of interest, or on slight grounds; but, upon an offer of double the sum, he seemed somewhat to relax, with a hint of another opportunity which his friends had in reserve for him: and in fine, after pocketing two thousand pounds from this fortunate adventure, this votary of the blind goddess instantly made himself scarce, and was the next day playing billiards at Bath, in the highest glee, and relating the adventure, without scruple, to every one who would hear him.

MAIDSTONE,
THURSDAY, JULY 18.

PHILIP Keating and John Keggan were tried for the wilful murder of Colonel Peter Shadwell, on the first of June last, at Wrotham.

Mr. Knowles opened the case on the part of the prosecution, and called the following witnesses:

John Self stated, that he was servant to Colonel Shadwell; that on the 1st of June last he came with the Colonel, in his curricle, from Lewisham to Wrotham, where they stopped to refresh their horses; that the prisoners came up in regimentals; the Colonel said, well, my lads, where do you come from? they said, Maidstone. Where are you going to? they said, London. What commanding officer did you see at Maidstone? they said, Captain Nevil. The Colonel said, there was no such officer there, he supposed they meant Captain Skeen. They said, yes, that was the name they meant. He then asked them to shew their pass. The prisoner Keating said, come here, and we'll shew you our pass. On that word the Colonel sprung forward, as the prisoners were then endeavouring to go away, and had proceeded six or seven feet, and then the Colonel put his hand out and tried to catch hold of Keggan, when Keating wheeled round, took his pistol out and shot the Colonel instantly, who had not got hold of Keggan. The Colonel turned himself round, and said, John, I am shot. He did not live above a minute; he had five wounds, and was shot through the heart. The prisoners made off, and then had each a pistol in their hands; they were overtaken by persons who pursued them about a quarter of a mile, when Keggan said, if any person came near them they would be shot. They then came from the fields into the road, and Gregory, one of the pursuers, who had a gun, told Keggan, that unless he threw his pistol down, which he had presented three or four times, that he would shoot him: he threw his pistol down and surrendered himself. Keating would not surrender until Gregory fired at him and wounded him, when they rushed in upon him and secured him.

John Hills, servant at the Bull, at Wrotham, where the Colonel stopped; he saw the Colonel speak to the prisoners, who were coming along the road; they told him they had come from Maidstone, and were coming to London; he asked them what regiment they belonged to; they said, the 17th light dragoons; what Captain did you see at Maidstone? The witness did not hear what answer they made; but the Colonel said, that's wrong, there is no such Captain; you must mean Skeen. They said, yes, they did. The Colonel asked them what party

party they belonged to. They ſaid, a recruiting party. Have you a paſs? ſaid the Colonel; Keggan ſaid, yes; and appeared to be feeling in his pocket, but turned round and was running away to the left; the Colonel ſprang after him; Keating turned to the right, and pulled out a piſtol and ſhot the Colonel when he was within three or four yards of him; the Colonel's ſervant ſupported him for a minute, when he died. I ſtaid to take care of the horſes, while the others went in purſuit of the priſoners, who ran off.

Lieutenant Vere Ward, of the 17th light dragoons, proved that the priſoners both deſerted from that regiment on the 31ſt of May laſt.

The articles of war were then read, and alſo the mutiny act.

Keating in his defence ſaid, that he abſented himſelf from the regiment on the 30th of May, and not on the 31ſt, and that he did not commit the crime.

Keggan ſaid nothing in his defence; he ſeemed very poorly, and was indulged with a chair during the trial.

The Jury found Keating guilty, and Keggan not guilty. Judgment was immediately pronounced on Keating, to be executed on Saturday next.

AMERICAN THEATRICALS.

Extract of a Letter, dated Philadelphia, February 1799.

THEATRICALS in this new world are, I am afraid, rapidly declining; and if Providence does not aſſiſt us, I am apprehenſive, from one calamity or other, we muſt ſoon fall. You no doubt are informed, that the two theatres, poſſeſſed by Meſſrs. Wignal and Renaigle, are thoſe of Baltimore and Philadelphia; the firſt intended as a ſummer, the other as a winter theatre. When I arrived, we began to perform at Philadelphia in December, which we continued to do, until the middle of May. Many of the benefits were bad, and ſome under charges, (which amounted to 450 dollars, 101l. 5s. ſterling).—Mrs. Merry, 1000 dollars in the houſe;—Mr. Harwood, a low comedian, and great favourite, 1200 dollars. Mr. Bates, who had before been ſo great a favourite, had only 800 dollars. —Mr. Moreton, the firſt performer in tragedy and genteel comedy, only 800. Mr. Cooper 750.—Theſe were all of any note. Some of the company declined taking any. This ſeaſon the managers got up Columbus with great ſplendour; in twelve nights it brought 12000 dollars.

We opened our theatre, in Baltimore, the 18th of May, and were obliged to ſhut it on the 10th of June, in conſequence of an act paſſed by the Right Worſhipful Corporation of Baltimore, prohibiting any public amuſement from the 10th of June until the 1ſt of October; it was evidently levelled at us. As the moſt conſiderable of the Corporation are Diſſenters, they wiſh to ſuppreſs the theatre entirely: their pretence was a good one, that the weather was too hot during theſe months, for ſo many people to aſſemble together. From Baltimore we returned to Philadelphia; but after four nights we were obliged to cloſe, as no one would come to the theatre during hot weather; for ten weeks we were idle. At the expiration of that time we began at New York, but were obliged, for want of a houſe, to perform in Rickett's Circus, which the managers, at a conſiderable expence, converted into a tolerable theatre.

The

The New York theatre was not at that time finished; it was intended for Messrs. Hodgkinson's and Hallam's company, then at Boston; and the old theatre was occupied by a Mr. Solee's company, sent thither to oppose us; thus we had two companies at New York, which would badly support one. At the head of Solee's company was Mr. and Mrs. Barret, Mr. and Mrs. Williamson, &c. However, they soon left us an open field. We did tolerably well, but were obliged to remain much longer than we intended, as the yellow fever was then raging in Philadelphia. As soon as it was over, we repaired to Philadelphia, and met with tolerable encouragement; most of our benefits were profitable. During this season we lost our chief actor, Mr. Moreton, who died of a decline; Mr. Cooper also broke his articles, and went from us to Hodgkinson; and Mr. Fennel went, as usual, to New York jail, where he now is.

Last summer we performed at Annapolis, a small town, thirty miles below Baltimore, which just furnished us with a living. The Corporation shut us out of Baltimore, and the yellow fever out of Philadelphia, where it raged with more violence than ever was known. At Baltimore we began the 1st of October, with very great success; here we lost Mr. Merry, who was much lamented by us all. He was carried off by an apoplexy at three hours notice. We are now at Philadelphia, expecting to begin next week; but we are rather doubtful of success, from the present weakness of our company, and the late calamities.

There are many things which I cannot crowd into a letter, of which you may be informed by applying to the bearer, who has resided here some years. He expects to return to Philadelphia very soon, and if you can by him send me any of the latest pieces, play or farce, shall consider it as an obligation, as it is very difficult to get them here, and they are a great advantage to a benefit. Mr. Barnard desires his compliments to you; he has been with us fifteen months, and has been ill most of the time, but is now better. Indeed the climate is a very bad one for European constitutions, the summer is dreadfully hot, and the winter too cold.

A Mr. Dunlap is the present manager of the New York theatre, and Mr. Hodgkinson, of the Boston. I suppose the rage of the English actors for emigration has ceased.—I am sure I should wish those, for whom I have any regard, to remain at home; for what we get in this country, is a poor compensation for the risks we hourly run.

Darley set up a tavern and vauxhall here, after the English fashion, in partnership with Bates; both failed, and are now returned to the stage.

We have in our company at present, Wignal, Marshal and wife, Barnard, Darley, Le Estrange, wife and daughter, Downie, Mr. and Mrs. Morris, Mr. and Mrs. Francis, Mr. Warrell, Mrs. Warrell, Warrell, jun. Miss Broadhurst, Mr. and Mrs. Hardinge, Mrs. Merry, Mrs. Barnard, Bliffet, Mr. and Mrs. Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. Byrne, &c. &c.

Chalmers is with Hodgkinson, Cooper with Dunlap; so are Barret and wife.

NORWICH THEATRICALS.

NORWICH, JULY 24.

OUR Theatre, during the past week overflowed in all its parts. The favourite plays of *The Stranger*, and *The Belle's Stratagem*, were, as usual, received with the warmest approbation.

approbation.—On Friday evening a new piece, *The Birth Day*, (from Kotzebue) was performed, the merits of which must have added another sprig to the wreath of that distinguished author. The story is simple, but extremely interesting; the language easy and unaffected, yet abounds with those exquisite touches from nature, which draw forth the sweetest sympathies of soul, and which none but the pencil of a master can give. The comedy was well performed. Messrs. Bennett and Blanchard were excellent in their respective parts; Miss Goddard evinced her usual power "to please;" and Mrs. J. Brunton excited much interest, in a line of acting quite novel to her.

On Saturday evening, Mr. John Brunton, jun. (for the first time here) essayed the difficult character of Denmark's prince, before a brilliant and crowded house; his age and person are well adapted to the part, and the continued applause he received during the performance, with the reiterated marks of it at the conclusion, sufficiently demonstrated the success of his efforts.—Indeed, throughout this long and arduous character, he strictly observed the advice Hamlet gives to the players, being chastely correct; and many of the scenes were given with that discriminating judgment and knowledge of the profession, which could not have been expected from so young an actor.—Mrs. Taylor's Ophelia was a chaste piece of acting, and she sung the airs delightfully.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

ON Saturday night, July 13, a new musical afterpiece, entitled, "*The Castle of Sorrento*," was performed at this theatre. It is taken from the French piece "*Le Prisonnier*," the dialogue by Mr. Hoare, and the music by Mr. Attwood. In this species of entertainment, the plot is generally regarded as a secondary consideration.—Here, however, it forms a principal recommendation. A young officer, confined in the castle of *Sorrento*, finds access by a secret passage from his cell to the house of a widow lady in that city, with whose daughter he is in love.—There he meets the servant of *Count Merville*, the expected suitor of the lady of the mansion, whom he prevails on to acknowledge him for his absent master. The governor of the castle arrives, and recognizes his prisoner; but, to make sure, goes back to the cell, whither the prisoner, by means of the secret passage, returns before him. The governor then comes back to the lady's house, and there again he meets the supposed Count, with whose likeness to his charge he is confounded. To free himself from all doubts, he brings him to the prisoner's cell to confront the two together; but the scene is so managed as to leave him in the same perplexity.—At length, however, the real *Count Merville* arrives with a pardon for the prisoner, and the artifice is explained to the satisfaction of all parties.

These incidents, without offending by their improbability, are so constructed as to excite a considerable degree of interest; and there is a bustle and activity in the scene, that render it lively and entertaining. The dialogue is in general correct; and the music, particularly a song by Miss Griffiths, pretty, and well adapted to the subject.

Of the scenery, which is new, an external view of the castle, in the last act, is well executed, and the most deserving of praise.

The whole piece, considered in all its parts, has a light and pleasing effect, and was well received by a full and fashionable house.

The principal weight, if weight it can be called, rests on the governor, who, to give a wider field for blundering confusion, is *O'Rorke O'Donnel*, an Irishman. This character was of course admirably supported by Mr. Johnstone. Mr. Fawcett, in the *prisoner*, and Miss Decamp and Miss Griffiths, in two female characters, are also entitled to praise for their exertions.

NEW PARISIAN PLAY.

THE following account of a new play, entitled, "*The Entry into the World*," is translated from a late Paris journal. It has been brought out since the burning of the theatre of the Odeon, and the plot may remind some faro ladies of rank in London of the intrigues they have carried on.

Madame Dupre, a woman of intrigue, living almost entirely by gaming, has been unmasked in a provincial town, in consequence of some not very honourable adventures, and hastens to Paris with her niece *Aglae*, where she lives under the name of *Madame St. Allard*—*Fabricius*, her nephew, and *Sophia*, her niece, who have been ruined by unfortunate circumstances, proceed to Paris to reside with their aunt, at whose house play and intrigue afford some temporary resources. They bring with them the *Young Therigny*, the lover of *Sophia*, and the possessor of a considerable fortune. He is just twenty two, and his mother has sent him to Paris to finish his education under the superintendance of a worthy officer named *Clermont*. *Madame St. Allard* is anxious to make the riches of *Therigny* her prey, and lays a plan for marrying him to her niece; unfortunately for her, however, an intriguer, as adroit as herself, has obtained an ascendancy over *Young Therigny*, by promising to conduct him in the world, and particularly by dazzling his imagination with the pleasures he assures him he will teach him to enjoy.—The name of this person is *Dablanville*, and *Madame St. Allard* finds his aid necessary to her projects.

Our two intriguers soon succeed in making *Therigny* forget his duty, the cares of *Clermont*, the friendship of *Fabricius*, and the love of *Sophia*. He is drawn by *Madame St. Allard* and *Dablanville* into the worst of company, where he is cheated of his money at play. The facility of his temper, and a kind of intoxication which they have designedly promoted, give them an opportunity of procuring a *tete-a-tete* between *Therigny* and *Aglae*. She listens to his declaration, and replies with a coquetry that serves to inflame his passion. He loses all consideration, and throws himself on his knees before her. *Madame St. Allard* surprises them in this situation. She pretends to be greatly enraged, and her choler is not appeased until *Therigny* promises to marry her daughter, and signs a deed by which he subjects himself to a penalty if he breaks that engagement.

Meanwhile *Clermont*, who is in search of his pupil, comes to the house of *Madame St. Allard*, whom he recognizes to be *Madame Dupre*, to whom, and her daughter, his son had been the victim of a singular intrigue. He exposes them, and makes *Therigny* blush for his folly; but the penalty embarrasses them. *Dablanville*, however, who has the deed in his possession, thinking to make a merit of his conduct, delivers it up to them. But his accomplice does not allow him to preserve long his character for honesty. She arrives; they mutually accuse each other; both the cheats are unmasked. *Therigny* and *Sophia* are united,

united, and *Clermont* becomes the protector and the friend of his pupil, whose *entry into the world* was likely to have been so unfortunate.

A SERIES OF PLEASANT MISTAKES,

Exemplified in the result of an Assignation between a Young Gentleman and his Chere Amie at Paris.

THE subject of this history, which a few years past caused no small eclat at Paris, was a young officer who, after four years unsuccessful effort to gain the consent of the parents of a young lady by whom he was mutually esteemed, found means to persuade her to gratify his passion; and as privacy was the soul of all their appointments, a masked ball at St. Cloud, was the last which at present particularly engages our attention.— The lady having acquainted the officer that she had obtained permission to go thither with a female friend, a meeting with her lover was easily concerted. The officer being anxious to avail himself of the shortness of the time, had spoken to an humble friend in the neighbourhood of St. Cloud, who by agreement was to leave his house to be occupied at pleasure by the young officer and his mistress, and for that purpose had furnished the latter with the key, promising not to interrupt them by his return till early the next morning.

The parties having danced a short time, as it may be supposed, were eager to adjourn to the place of appointment: they left the assembly with the utmost precaution. But as fate was determined to traverse their designs, the young man had the misfortune, as it will appear afterwards, to enter the house, next to that which belonged to his friend! and which at that time happened to be left alone, the persons occupying it being gone to see a display of fireworks. The keys fiting both locks, the lovers entered without any scruple, and going up stairs, thought of nothing but improving the opportunity so favourably thrown in their way. However, the display of fireworks being ended, the occupant of the house returning with his wife, was not a little surprised on finding the door bolted within. After repeated efforts with the key, he naturally concluded that robbers had entered and fastened themselves in to prevent detection.—The officer on his part hearing the bustle below, imagined some drunken canaille had mistaken the house of his confidant, soon appeared at the window, and in a paroxysm of passion, demanded what was their business there at that time of night? Business! exclaimed the real tenant, pray what business have you in my house? But I'll soon bring you to an account; and so saying, he sent his wife to alarm the guet or watch. These gentry, with a commissary and a locksmith at their head, soon arriving, the lady in particular began to be most seriously alarmed; but as her friend assured her that the mistake was involuntary on his part, and that he would defend her with his life, they suffered the officers of justice, and the crowd following them, to enter the house, fully possessed with an idea of seeing a housebreaker of no small address in his particular calling, a sentiment by no means diminished, when they found that the supposed housebreaker had posted himself upon the staircase with his sword drawn, and his mistress behind him, with both their faces concealed by the masks they had worn at the ball.

But as this new occupant threatened instant death to any one that approached him in arms, the commissary rightly supposing that so much confidence could not be the

offspring of guilt, he commanded silence, and addressed the young officer in words to the following effect—" Sir, from your appearance and behaviour, I shall not wrong you in supposing you to be the character you have been taken for; but tell me frankly whose house do you suppose you are now in."—" I am, said the other, at the house of my friend, Mr. ——; see here is the key with which he entrusted me."—" Try it, said the commissary, at the next house."—This door it also opened.—" The mistake (continued the commissary) is now evident, and therefore, sir, if you give me your address and that of the lady, you are at liberty to depart."—" Gentlemen, (said the officer), the name and address of this lady, my life and honour is bound to conceal:—there are only two ways by which this affair can be brought to an issue—You and the crowd may retire and leave us to depart at pleasure, or I must insist upon your being my safeguard to conduct us through them, masked as we are, to the ball-room we came from, without hindrance or insult. Sir, there is no time to hesitate—my life is nothing in competition with the lady's reputation.—If one of your attendants offer to advance, till you have granted one of these propositions, you shall be the first object of my revenge."—The commissary finding himself in the hands of a man of courage, whose sword was pointed at his bosom, immediately ordered the people to make way; the officer came down as soon as he was assured by the commissary that he might return to the ball-room, while the appearance of a man masked with a drawn sword, and the commissary on the other side, conducting a lady in a green domino, had the most ludicrous effect upon the populace, who followed, at a distance, to the entrance of the ball-room, where the officer presenting his card to the commissary, and politely thanking him for drawing him out of his embarrassment, the lovers again mingled with the number of masques; among whom, it would have been the highest degree of unpoliteness to have taken the least notice of their temporary absence.

CRICKET MATCHES.

ON Friday, July 12, was played a grand match of cricket in Lord's ground, Mary-le-bone, between a select party of gentlemen, eight of a side, for one hundred guineas. This match was made between —— Charlton, Esq. and E. Lloyd, Esq.

CHARLTON.

FIRST INNINGS.

Fergerson, run out	2
Charlton, b. Lloyd, Esq.	6
Byfield, not out	3
Turner, not out	0
Brown, c. Simpson	2
Floyd, c. Simpson	5
Yecand, b. Sparks	5
Godfrey, b. Sparks	1
Byes	0
	24

SECOND INNINGS.

Fergerson, b. E. Lloyd	24
Charlton, b. E. Lloyd	4
Byfield, run out	12
Turner, c. Sparks	0
Brown, not out	2
Floyd, b. Lloyd	0
Yecand, c. Lloyd	5
Godfrey, b Lloyd	5
Byes	0
	52

E. LLOYD.

E. LLOYD.

FIRST INNINGS.

E. Lloyd, b. Charlton	0
Sparks, b. Byfield	0
W. Lloyd, c. Fergerſon	3
Simpſon, run out	1
B. B. run out	9
Moor, b. Byfield	7
Robinſon, b. Charlton	10
Robbins, not out	1
Byes	0
	31

SECOND INNINGS.

E. Lloyd, b. Charlton	0
Sparks, not out	2
W. Lloyd, b. Charlton	0
Simpſon, b. Charlton	0
B. B. b. Charlton	0
Moor, c. Byfield	1
Robinſon, run out	6
Robbins, c. Fergerſon	0
Byes	0
	9

Charlton, Eſq. won by 36 runs. Five to four on ſtarting on E. Lloyd, Eſq.

On Thurſday, July 11, was played a grand ſingle match of cricket, in Lord's ground, Mary-le-bone, two of a ſide, for One Hundred Guineas.—This match was made between Mr. G—— and Mr. B——.

MR. G.'S FIRST INNINGS.

Mr. Ray, b. Mr. Barton	0
Mr. Gunter, b. Mr. Barton	11
Total 1ſt innings	11

SECOND INNINGS.

Mr. Ray, b. Mr. Barton	27
Mr. Gunter, b. Mr. Barton	8
Total, 2d innings	35

MR. B.'S FIRST INNINGS.

Mr. Blunt, b. Ray	0
Mr. Barton, b. ditto	6
Total, 1ſt innings	6

SECOND INNINGS.

Mr. Blunt, b. Ray	0
Mr. Barton, b. Ray	38
Total 2d innings	38

Mr. G.—— won by two runs.—Five to four on ſtarting in his favour.

On Monday, July 8, and following day, was played a grand match of cricket, in the Barrack field at Woolwich, between eight of the Woolwich club, with three men given, againſt nine of the Rocheſter club, with two men given, for 500 guineas.

ROCHESTER CLUB.

FIRST INNINGS.

Beſt, b. Hampton	0
Horn, b. Hampton	0
C. Read, c. Tanner	18
Smith, c. Ray	14
Wells, c. Hampton	8
S. Amhurſt, Eſq. c. Burgeſs	3
Hooker, b. J. Ward	2
Butcher, c. Ray	2
Freeland, c. J. Ward	2
Biſhop, run out	0
Birch, not out	0
Byes	2
	51

SECOND INNINGS.

Beſt, c. Hampton	8
Horn, not out	16
C. Read, ſt. Ray	8
Smith, ſt. Ray	13
Wells, run out	6
S. Amhurſt, Eſq. b. Hampton	8
Hooker, ſt. Ray	3
Butcher, b. Hampton	1

Freeland,

Freeland, b. Hampton	1
Bishop, b. Ward	2
Birch, b. Hampton	0
Byes	1
	—
	67

WOOLWICH CLUB.

FIRST INNINGS.

Kirkman, c. Wells	23
Ray, b. Butcher	5
Burgess, c. C. Reed	1
Tanner, run out	21
Hampton, run out	0
Crowhurst, c. C. Read	4
J. Ward, run out	0
Bever, c. Wells	5
North, c. Birch	0
Hounsam, b. Wells	1
Stillman, not out	1
Byes	1
	—
	62

SECOND INNINGS.

Kirkman, c. S. Amhurst, Esq.	1
Ray, st. Best	5
Burgess, b. Read	13
Tanner, c. Best	12
Hampton, run out	0
Crowhurst, b. Butcher	7
J. Ward, b. Butcher	2
Bever, not out	0
North, run out	1
Hounsam, c. Read	0
Stillman, b. Butcher	0
Byes	0
	—
	41

Six to 4 on Woolwich at starting. —Rochester club won by 15 runs.

DEATH OF A ONCE NOBLE CRICKETER.

ON Friday, July 19, died, in the 55th year of his age, at his seat at Knole, in Kent, that once celebrated noble cricketer, the Right Honourable John Frederick Saville, Duke of Dorset, Earl of Dorset and Middlesex, Baron Buckhurst in Sussex, and Baron Cranfield of Cranfield, in the county of Bedford, Hereditary High Steward of Stratford upon Avon.

His Grace succeeded his uncle, January 6, 1769, and in the year 1790, married Miss Arabella Diana Cope, daughter of the present Countess of Liverpool, by her first marriage with Sir Charles Cope: the surviving issue are Lady Mary Sackville, born July 30, 1792; George John Frederic, Earl of Middlesex, who succeeds to the title and estates, born November 15, 1793; and Lady Elizabeth Sackville, born August 9, 1795.

The late Duke filled the office of Ambassador to France at the commencement of the revolution; on his return he was invested with the Order of the Garter; made Lord Steward of his Majesty's Houshold, and Lord Lieutenant of the county of Kent, which last situation he retained till within a short period of his demise, being succeeded by Lord Romney.

HUNTING IN THE EAST INDIES.

Extract of a Letter from a Gentleman, dated Nauknaar, December 31—ten at night.

I Am now sitting in my tent before a fine blazing fire, in the cold clime of Koroog. I mentioned in my last letter that we were about to take our departure for the boundary of Tippoo's country; we accordingly began our journey up immense ghauts or mountains; the roads so bad that we were obliged to walk a great part of the way.—We were received very graciously by the Raja, or King of Koroog; but hearing that Tippoo's deputies were on the boundary, we remained with

with him but one day, when we proceeded through a most beautiful country, but down worse mountains than we came up, to a small plain, about a mile on this side the boundary, which we were very lucky in meeting with, as the country in general is covered with a very thick jungle, or small wood, inhabited by all kinds of wild animals.—We had several interviews with the black gentry; but as both the Company and Tippoo are making every preparation for war, which is indeed daily expected, they were ordered by Tippoo to repair to their respective districts, when only a part of the business was finished, and that not much to the satisfaction of either party; we are consequently returned to this place, the residence of our friend the Koroog Raja, and here we are to wait the further orders of our government.

The Raja entertains our gentlemen with frequent hunting parties, in most of which they have had excellent sport. When I say hunting, you perhaps imagine that I mean after the hare or fox: not so; they go out, attended with about one thousand, and sometimes fifteen hundred men, who inclose a space of a mile, and drive the animals towards the trees, in which the gentlemen are seated, to partake of the sport. A few days since they killed fifty different wild beasts; among the rest, a very powerful elephant, but which they call an indifferent day's diversion.

The mornings and evenings here are as cold as a frosty day in England; in the middle of the day we experience warmth enough; the thermometer, in the early part of the day, is sometimes so low as at 42, and at mid-day as high as 98.

LOW GAMBLERS.

AT the Berkshire assizes, held at Abingdon, John Talbot, alias Strong John, one of the nefarious gang of jugglers who frequent fairs and race grounds, was capitally convicted, for forcibly taking from the person of John Baker, groom to the Earl of Uxbridge, a silver watch. The transaction took place at the last Ascot Heath races; the prosecutor going into one of the booths where the prisoner and his gang were practising slight of hand with cups and balls, and refusing to bet, was assaulted in a violent manner, and robbed of his watch by the prisoner, who, on account of the outrageous circumstances attending the robbery, was left for execution. He suffered at Reading on the 20th instant; and, though he persisted in his innocence, yet he confessed, whoever were so unguarded as to hazard their money at tables of the above description, were *sure to lose it*.

James Jones and Joab Charvey, the associates of Talbot, in the riot at Ascot Heath races, were, on the 16th instant, tried at the Berks Quarter Sessions, for assaulting, at the same time, a serjeant, corporal, and three privates of the Staffordshire militia. They were found guilty, and sentenced to be imprisoned and kept to hard labour for three years, one month in each year in a solitary cell.

ARCHERY.

MONDAY, the 15th instant, the silver arrow, given by the city of Edinburgh, to the Royal Company of Archers, was shot for on the usual ground, and won by Thomas Hay, Esq. City Chamberlain.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

A Short time ſince, Abraham Carter, aged 74, formerly game-keeper to Lord Torrington, but now a ſhepherd at Cardigan, in Bedfordſhire, made a bet that he would in three times ſhooting, ſtrike a mark of ten inches in circumference, with a ſingle ball, at the diſtance of 140 yards. The firſt time of firing, he had a reſt to his piece, and he then miſſed; but in his ſecond attempt he levelled his piece without any reſt to it, and lodged the ball almoſt in the middle of the circle.

A mare belonging to Mr. Peter Nunn, of Hunſton, in Suffolk, has bred and brought up fifteen living foals, though now only eighteen years of age, from the extreme care of the induſtrious owner.

The beginning of the month there was caught, off the mouth of Whitehaven harbour, a marine-animal rarely met with upon that coaſt,—a *ſea-devil*, or *toad-fiſh*, of the third claſs, "*ſine caudâ.*" It is very ſmall; (probably young) and the *cutis* ſo thin as to give it, occaſionally, the changeable and beautiful hues of the cameleon, notwithſtanding the horrid loathſomeneſs of its form.

About three weeks ago a neſt of young ozels, commonly called blackbirds, was taken on Tichborne Down, near Alresford, in Hampſhire, two of which are milk white, and two the natural black colour: they are now at the public-houſe on the Down, quite healthy, and are remarkably fine birds.—A neſt was taken laſt ſummer at the ſame place, with four black and one white bird, which was ſold for five guineas.

A cow at Orleton, the ſeat of W. Cludde, Eſq. in Shropſhire, on Thurſday, the 11th inſtant, calved three calves, which are all alive and healthy.

Friday evening, the 5th inſtant, about ſeven o'clock, a man undertook for a wager of ten guineas, to run from the Standard in Cornhill through Cheapſide, in a *perfect ſtate of nudity*; he had not proceeded further than the Manſion-houſe, when he was taken into cuſtody, and immediately committed to the Poultry Compter.

The amuſements of the rural fair annually held at Gaywood, near Lynn, were concluded with a running match, of the diſtance of two hundred yards, for a wager of five guineas, between a Mr. Bunnet and a Mr. Hardy, which was won by the former, he having gained ſeven yards of his opponent at the end of the race.

DUEL.

On Thurſday morning, the 18th inſtant, a duel took place on Black-heath, between Captain Burrell, of the Suſſex Militia, and Dr. Moyſey. The ſeconds were Captain Vernon and Major Wilſon, of the Royal Artillery. On the firſt fire, Dr. Moyſey received a ball through the ancle, which was extracted by Mr. Fearon from the oppoſite ſide. The diſpute aroſe from a warm converſation between the parties a few days ſince, in a party at Richmond.

On the 21ſt ult. as M. Honyſett, a young lad, was paſſing a brook near Horſemonden, he diſcovered ſomething ſparkling in the water; on diſmounting and drawing the object to the ſhore, it proved to be a large croſs, or crucifix, of ſolid gold, ſuppoſed to be worth not leſs than three hundred pounds. Near the ſpot formerly was ſituated a cell, belonging to the priory of Beaulieu, in Normandy, which continued in being till the general ſuppreſſion of all the alien priories in England by Henry V. in 1414.

An

An elderly man, with a wooden leg, who works at the ſlate quarries in Buttermire, has offered to run any man in the kingdom, of whatever age, weight, or ſize; and for any ſum that the propoſer is able to ſtake, with only one reſervation in his favour; that is, that he ſhall be allowed to chuſe his ground.—This allowance will certainly not be thought too great, when the mutilated condition of the challenger is conſidered: and ſeveral gentlemen, who have had occular proofs of his agility, have declared their inclination to back him for a very conſiderable wager.—*Cumberland Pacbuet.*

A man named Brown, now in Newgate, under ſentence of tranſportation, for horſe-ſtealing, has cauſed a letter to be publiſhed at Chelmsford, in which he acknowledges to have ſtolen many horſes in that neighbourhood, and to have been engaged in ſelling horſes ſtolen by others; and promiſes, if the owners will deſcribe their marks, he will inform them where they may recover them.

A HORSE CAUSE, TRIED AT THE NORWICH ASSIZES.

Fulham v. Gleed.—This action was brought by the plaintiff, a horſe-dealer at Hackney, againſt the defendant, a farmer at Dickleburgh, in Norfolk, to recover the ſum of 65l. paid by the former for the purchaſe of two horſes at Tombland fair laſt, one of which proved unſound immediately after the ſale; and alſo to recover the expences of keeping the unſound horſe from the ſale till the commencement of the action. After a long trial, and a tedious examination of witneſſes, the jury found a verdict for the plaintiff.

There is now exhibiting at Berlin, a female dwarf, of a more diminutive and well-proportioned ſtature than any "*Jeu de Nature*" hitherto ſeen; the celebrated Count Borawlaſki is much ſuperior in ſtature, though not ſo in ſubtlety of genius and talents, to this new wonder of the age. Her name is Nannette Stockbrin: ſhe is now ſeventeen years of age, and of the ordinary ſize and growth of a child of ſeven years old, exceedingly well proportioned, full of vivacity, and quick of apprehenſion. What is more remarkable, is the uncommon ſize and dimenſions of this child at her birth, and for the two following years, in which ſhe grew with ſo much rapidity, as to attract the ſame notice from her unweildineſs, as ſhe now does from her diminutive proportion. Her parents were peaſants in Saxony, and both of them above the middle ſtature.

THE RULING PASSION EVEN IN DEATH.

Mrs. B——t, daughter of the Dean of S. a very lovely woman, in her *laſt faintings*, when her attendants were rubbing her temples with Hungary water, begged them to deſiſt, *as it would make her hair grey.*

The Ipſwich Theatre cloſed for the ſeaſon, on Saturday evening, the 13th inſtant. The houſe being crowded at an early hour, ſome gentlemen, diſappointed of places, imprudently gave an alarm of fire, which reaching the boxes, ſoon became general all over the houſe. The confuſion that enſued was naturally very great. The people in the gallery jumped into the pit, and thoſe in the green boxes upon the ſtage: the doors in the lobby were all deſtroyed, and ſeveral ladies were trampled under foot; but happily no perſon was materially hurt. This tumult continued about a quarter of an hour, when one of the principal performers came forward, and aſſured the audience then remaining, that it was a falſe alarm.

About six weeks ago, several servants of Mr. Masterman, farmer, of Hadleigh, Essex, were bit by a dog, which, not being generally supposed to be mad, was suffered to be unnoticed as such; among those unfortunate persons bitten was a labourer, named Anthony Wright, whose thumb was much lacerated; precautions were taken to prevent the dreadful consequences, which, however, could not fully be accomplished, for on Tuesday the 9th instant, he was seized with the hydrophobia, and continued at intervals in a raving state, until Friday the 19th, when he expired in dreadful convulsions.

A DISASTROUS FAMILY.

Accounts from Nora, in Sweden, mention the accidental drowning of a woman of the name of Olosson, at the age of ninety-six—the father of this woman was found dead in a street at Stockholm—her mother stabbed herself—of three husbands to whom she had been married, the first was hanged for killing her own brother, the second was blown up by a mine at the siege of Schwenidiz, and the third, with whom she lived near twenty years, was suffocated by the fumes of a laboratory—her youngest son was drowned, and her eldest transported—her daughter, at the age of twenty, disappeared, and was never since heard of.—In fine, the misfortunes of this family seemed to extend to the relatives of those connected with it, as a son and daughter of her first husband's also came to an untimely death soon after his marriage with her.

DROLL OCCURRENCES BEFORE MAGISTRATES *of the* POLICE.

MANSION HOUSE.

A very singular case for a Police Office, if not very uncommon in private families, was one day this month heard by the Lord Mayor: a respectable tallow chandler summoned his wife before his lordship, for bad behaviour. He took a paper from his pocket, and read a long string of trifling complaints: among others, that she struck him, and said she would be *master*. The wife, who was well dressed, and a good looking woman, equally complained of his severe treatment, owning, at the same time, it proceeded from the ill advice of his relations. The magistrate expressed his regret that they should thus expose themselves, recommending the wife to submit to her husband, and not attempt to become master.—The husband agreed to forgive her, and she agreed to obey; upon which they departed.

SHADWELL OFFICE.

A sailor underwent an examination, charged with entering the premises of a Mrs. Hill, and taking away a feather bed.—It appeared that Mrs. Hill and the sailor, had cohabited the night before at her own house, and in the course of the following day adjourned to a public-house in Wapping, where they remained till a late hour drinking, when he suggested to stay where they were all night, but no bed could be procured; upon which Jack flew out of the house as quick as lightning, and went to the lady's house in Gravel-lane, where, without asking leave of the servant maid, he packed up one of the best beds to take to the public-house; but she alarming the watchmen, he was secured and lodged in the watch-house all night, for the supposed robbery, and an assault committed on the servant; the woman shared no less chagrin, waiting the return of her beloved Jack, and the people of the house were obliged to turn her out as disorderly. As there was evidently no intention of felony, the complaint was dismissed, and the parties adjourned to a public-house to felicitate one another.

On

On the 17th ult. Mr. Willock, of Killiney, drove his curricle horse Chanter, from the end of Stephen's Green, Dublin, to his house at Killiney, a distance of eight Irish miles, in the space of forty minutes and an half, for a bet of 50l. The time allowed him was fifty-seven minutes.—N. B. Eleven Irish miles are equal to fourteen English.

SINGULAR ATTACK.

A gentleman passing through Park-street, a few days ago, was surprised at something fluttering about his head, and turning round, received the spur of a game cock in his cheek. This gentleman beat off his antagonist, who instantly returned to the charge, and wounded him again in the shoulder. Another gentleman, passing by at the same time, was also attacked by this feathered desperado.

Mr. Bowle, edge-tool-maker in Ipswich, has a cat of the tortoise-shell kind, who has lately produced a very fine male kitten of the same sort.

The gold cup won at Newcastle races by Sir H. Williamson, is the first that has been run for at that course for thirty years. It is of exquisite workmanship, it holds *ten bottles*.

The main of cocks at the Stamford races, between the gentlemen of Lincolnshire and Leicestershire, was won by the former, four battles a head.

A Malay chief has sent to Major Clayton, at Marlborough, two cows, and a bull, of a species never before seen: they are only four feet two inches in height, and in perfect proportion. Major C. intends, we understand, to send them to England by the first ship. They were taken three hundred miles from the factory; and, it is said, there are more further up.

FEAST OF WIT,
OR
SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

THE following curious and singular dialogue, is a copy from the original, first published in the German district of Tyrol, in April, 1799.—Its eccentricity must be its best apology for its present insertion.

By way of introduction it may be observed, that the demon of Closter Seven, in the Tyrol, has made as much noise upon the Continent, as the affair of George Lukin, called the Bristol Devil, in 1788; and that it is no unusual thing for devils to converse with the priests, who undertake to exorcise, or cast them out.—The words of the present dialogue were attested by several of the monastery and other persons present.

Priest. May I demand what you are?

Demon. I am a spirit!

Priest. One of the blessed?

Demon. No! one of the damn'd!

Priest. Can you exist in any of the elements?

Demon. Yes; either in fire, earth, air, or water!

Priest. Do you acknowledge the justice of your sentence, which excludes you from heav'n?

Demon. No! I do not acknowledge the justice of my sentence!

Priest. That is demon like; but may I question you upon subjects of scripture?

Demon. Yes, and I will answer them; or others upon subjects of history and philosophy, as far as I am permitted.

Priest. Well then, has there been evil spirits upon the earth ever since the creation?

Demon. I know nothing about evil spirits.

Priest. I meant no offence, I should have said such spirits as yourself.

Demon. Yes; there has always been such spirits as myself.

[Here it should be observed, the demon sung a song, so replete with gross obscenities, that all the female nuns were obliged to withdraw.]

Priest. I must break off the conference, unless you will promise to sing no more songs.

Demon. I will promise nothing; but if I sing again, perhaps it may be *Ca Ira*, for you must know that I am one of the seventy spirits of the revolution.

Priest. I do not want to hear about politics!

Demon. Nor do I want to hear about religion!

Priest. But religion is my particular calling; and you remember, that you have told me, that your knowledge of the scriptures exceeded mine.

Demon. I recollect that I did—but if you mean to converse with me, give me leave to assure you that I will not be interrupted.

Priest. That is to say, you will sing if you are so disposed; and therefore let me observe to you, in return, that *Ca Ira* is not very pleasing to those, who have been used to church music.—It is profane!

Demon. Profane, indeed! I believe you priests will shortly hear tunes much more disagreeable than *Ca Ira*.

Priest. Well, well! but waving that, cannot you tell us whether there are really any such things as incarnate devils, as well as such disembodied spirits as yourself.

Demon. There are incarnate devils, and many of them among your order and profession.

Priest. No sarcasms, I conjure you; but tell us how long you have been in this part of Germany, and what is your particular object.

Demon. I was here before you.—My object is to witness the destruction of the pious frauds practised by your order.

Priest. We have no interest in frauds—we are the servants of the head of the church.

Demon. That head is now overthrown; and you yourselves will soon enter into that purgatory, which you have prepared for others.

Priest. If many of the laity were present, I declare I would not permit you to talk thus—but priests are well acquainted with the crafts and wiles of the devils.

Demon. And demons are well acquainted with the craft and wiles of priests.

Priest. Let us leave wiles, and come nearer to our business.—When do you intend to quit this cloister?

Demon. Instead of my quitting this cloister, I tell you, that you and all the rest of your brethren shall quit it, before I quit them.

Priest. What! do you think this foundation will be secularized, or dissolved?

Demon. I do! and that before the conclusion of the present war.

Priest. I declare the conference at an end.—These are subjects not fit to be discussed before novices.

Demon. But I am no novice I assure you.

Priest. I hope to find thee a lying spirit.

Demon. The people will find thee a true priest.

P. S. Here the Superior of the Convent interfered, and declared the conference at an end.

NAVAL ANECDOTE.

A tar being told that hostilities were likely to break out in the East Indies, asked—As how? The relator then went on to say that Tippoo Saib and Zemaun Shaw were both preparing against us.—As for Tippoo, replied the tar, interrupting the other, some of our generals may tip it to him; and as to your *Seaman Shaw*, there will be an end to his *seamanship*, the first time any of us get along side of him.

POETRY

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

THE KING OF THE CROCODILES.

The exiſtence and attributes of this Potentate are mentioned in Browne's lately publiſhed Travels in Africa and Egypt:—He is likewiſe acknowledged in the Weſt Indies.

NOW, Woman, why without your veil?
And, wherefore do you look ſo pale?
And Woman, why do you look ſo ſad,
And beat your breaſt, as you were mad?

Oh! I have loſt my darling boy,
In whom my ſoul had all its joy;
And I for ſorrow have torn my veil,
And ſorrow hath made my very heart pale.

Oh! I have loſt my darling child,
And that's the loſs that makes me wild—
He ſtoopt to the river down to drink,
And there was a Crocodile by the brink.

He did not venture in to ſwim,
He only ſtoopt to drink at the brim;
But under the reeds the Crocodile lay,
And ſtruck with his tail, and ſwept him away.

Now take me in your boat, I pray,
For down the river lies my way;
And me to the Reed Iſland bring,
For I will go to the Crocodile King.

The King of the Crocodiles ne'er does wrong,
He has no tail ſo ſtiff and ſtrong;
He has no tail to ſtrike and ſlay—
But he has ears to hear what I ſay.

And to the King I will complain,
How my poor child was wickedly ſlain:
The King of the Crocodiles he is good,
And I ſhall have the murd'rer's blood.

The Man replied, no, Woman, no!
I will not to the Reed Iſland go;
I would not for any worldly thing,
See the face of the Crocodile King.

Then lend me, I pray, your little boat,
And I will down the river float;
I tell thee that no worldly thing
Shall keep me from the Crocodile King.

The woman ſhe leapt into the boat,
And down the river alone did ſhe float;
And faſt with the ſtream the boat proceeds,
And now ſhe is come to the Iſland of Reeds.

The King of the Crocodiles there was ſeen,
He ſat upon the eggs of his Queen;
And all around, a numerous rout,
The young Prince Crocodiles crawl'd about.

The woman ſhook ev'ry limb with fear,
As ſhe to the Crocodile King came near;
For never man, without fear and awe,
The face of his Crocodile Majeſty ſaw.

She fell upon her bended knee,
And ſaid, O King, have pity on me!
For I have loſt my darling child,
And that's the loſs that make's me wild.

A Crocodile eat him for his food,
Now let me have the murd'rer's blood—
Let me have vengeance for my boy,
The only thing that can give me joy.

I know your Majeſty ne'er does wrong,
You have no tail ſo ſtiff and ſtrong;
You have no tail to ſtrike and ſlay,
But you have ears to hear what I ſay.

You

You have done well, the King replies,
And fix'd on her his little eyes,
Good woman, yes, you have done right;
But you have not describ'd me quite.

I have no tail to strike and flay,
And I have ears to hear what you say—
I have teeth, moreover, as you may see,
And I will make a meal of thee.

MILITARY JEU D'ESPRIT.

Punicæ se quantis attollet gloria rebus.

A Colonel, by Chronicles, late it appears,
In style gave a feed to his crack volunteers;
The dishes were good, but the glasses so small,
His heroes could scarcely drink any at all.
The Commandant thus to his right and left wing
Said, "Gentlemen, *charge*, let us drink to the King!"
A jolly sub. eyeing his glass at the time,
Cried, "Colonel, here's hardly enough for a *prime*!"

SONG,

Now Singing by Mrs. Franklin with much applause at Vauxhall Gardens.

When the trumpet's wild blast, and the cannon's loud roar,
Call the Olive's dear branch from Britannia's fair shore,
When her veteran sons, whom experience made wise,
Give discord to death, and their fame to the skies!

See the Volunteer Bands, from the plough and the court,
Round their Monarch all rally, and urge their support!
And, inspir'd (as by magic) with instant accord,
Poise the lance, mount the firelock, or flourish the sword!

But, of Volunteer Corps, the true list is not told,
For, another remains, which shall soon be enroll'd;
Have full pay, and free quarters; with rouleaus of corn,
And, fear no forc'd marches, if soldiers will join.

To the sign of the Sigh, new recruits daily come;
And the pulse of the heart is our regiment's drum:
From a standard so lovely, what woman would part?
For—our rendezvous house is, the soldier's brave heart!
On the man who can fight, and the maid who can love,
May Venus descend, with her sceptre and dove!
May George rule our hearts! may his fleets rule our shore!
And, Britons be Britons, till time be no more!

BLUE-EYED MARY.

In a cottage embosom'd within a deep shade,
Like a rose in a desart, Oh! view the meek maid;
Her aspect all sweetness, all plaintive her eye,
And a bosom for which e'en a Monarch might sigh.

Then in neat Sunday gown see her met by the 'Squire,
All attraction her countenance, his all desire.
He accosts her—she blushes—he flatters—she smiles;
And soon blue-eyed Mary's seduc'd by his wiles.

Now with drops of contrition her pillow's wet o'er;
But the fleece when once stain'd can give sweetness no more.
The aged folks whisper, the maidens look shy;
To town the 'Squire presses—how can she deny?

There behold her in lodgings—She dresses in style,
Public places frequents, sighs no more, but reads Hoyle*!
Learns to squander—They quarrel—his love turns to hate,
And soon blue-eyed Mary is left to her fate.

Still of beauty possess'd, and not yet void of shame,
With a heart that recoils at the prostitute's name,
She tries for a service—her character's gone,
And for skill at her needle, alas! 'tis unknown.

* Hoyle's Book of Games.

Pale

Pale want now approaches; the pawn-broker's near,
And her trinkets and clothes, one by one, disappear;
Till at length, sorely pinch'd, and quite desperate grown,
The poor blue-eyed Mary is forc'd on the town.

In a brothel next see her, trick'd out to allure,
And all ages, all humours, compell'd to endure;
Compell'd, tho' disgusted, to wheedle and feign,
With an aspect all smiles, and a bosom all pain.

Now caress'd, now insulted, now flatter'd, now scorn'd,
And by ruffians and drunkards oft wantonly spurn'd.
This worst of all mis'ry she's doom'd to endure,
For the poor blue eyed Mary is now an impure.

Whilst thus the barb'd arrow sinks deep in her soul,
She flies for relief to that traitor the bowl;
Grows stupid and bloated, and lost to all shame,
Whilst a dreadful disease is pervading her frame.

Now with eyes dim and languid, the once blooming maid,
In a garret on straw, faint and helpless is laid;
Oh! mark her pale cheek, see, she scarce draws her breath,
And lo! her blue eyes are now seal'd up in death.

QUERE, WHETHER A HORSE HAS A RATIONAL SOUL OR NOT?

THERE's one thing distresses and troubles my mind,
The truth of which matter no ancient could find;
'Tis, Whether my horse has a rational soul;
Or, Whether 'tis instinct that guides the poor fool?

Quoth Bob, I can't tell! 'tis a matter of wit,
Too high, and too big, for my judgment to hit;
I think it is wiser to let it alone,
And first learn to know, and take care of our own:
And the best way to do it, believe Robin,
Is to practice the virtues and wisdom of Dobin.

EPIGRAM.

THRO' Pancras church-yard as two taylors were walking,
Of princes and politics earnestly talking;—
Says Robert to Richard, (by way of digression)
" 'Tis a very fine morning beyond all ex-" pression;
" If this weather goes on (added he) look-" ing round,
" 'Twill bring ev'ry thing charmingly out " of the ground."
" God forbid!" replied Richard alertly, " for here
" I bury'd two wives without shedding a " tear."

ODE TO PLEASURE.

FROM AN EPICUREAN.

BY PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

SWEET Nymph of Smile—to thee I bow—
Thou art my Goddess—to thy shrine
For ever let me pay my vow.
Let ev'ry wish that springs be thine,
Whate'er I touch, taste, smell, and hear and see,
Thy hand must offer—all must come from thee.

Avaunt the tribe of Undertakers!
The gloomy souls—the vile mouth-makers,
A sighing, groaning, hypocritic crew,
Cramm'd with those devils, baptiz'd by mortals blue!

I will not lick Life's dish, not I,
While a good feast is in my pow'r;
Nor ask a cloud to dim my eye,
While thou wilt give a summer hour.

I loath the Family of Crape—
I like thy gifts in every shape—
The heart should be a ball-room—gay appear—
Not like a Huntingtonian's visage, drear,
Of horrors full, and apprehensions—
Trembling—afraid of Heav'n's intentions.

Fancy

Fancy wall raise no spectres from the tomb;
Pale gentry, fond of melancholy gloom,
I'll dwell not upon marrowbone and spade,
Give me life's substance—fools may hug the shade,
Be mine the fiddle, file and drum,
Love-squeezes, laugh, and busy him.

I'll see no grizzly demons when I'm dying;
Nor apparitions with their mealy faces,
To frighten one with roasting, grilling, frying—
No! let my chamber hold the charming Graces.

O! be some favourite Delia near my bed,
To lull the moment when Fate cuts my thread.
Enjoyment shall my Motto be—
So Pleasure I enlist with thee.

THE SONG OF THE OLD AMERICAN INDIAN.

ALAS! the ills of life's last stage,
Alas! the burthen of old age!
Woe is me! when I was young,
My heart was glad, my arm was strong!
When I chas'd the forest game,
Not a deer escap'd my aim;
When I chas'd the forest prey,
Not a river stopp'd my way;
Not a friend but held me dear;
Not a foe who did not fear;
I was welcome where I came,
The women lov'd me for my fame.
Alas, the ills of life's last stage,
Alas, the burthen of old age.

Time has wrinkled now my cheek,
My heart is sad, my arm is weak.
If I chase the forest game,
Ev'ry deer escapes my aim;
If I chase the forest prey,
The little stream impedes my way;
I cannot stem the torrent now,
I cannot bend the young man's bow.
No friends have I to hold me dear,
My foes no more my presence fear;
None for me the feast prepare,
My fame is with the things that were.
The women loathe the wrinkled cheek,
The heart that's sad, the arm that's weak.
Alas the ills of life's last stage,
Alas the burthens of old age.

Would I never had been born,
Since I thus am left forlorn;
Would I now were in the grave,
Since I am no longer brave.
Partial Nature, why allow
The reptile snake to cast his slough,
And give no man the wretched doom,
That years must crush him to the tomb?
Heavy, heavy is their weight,
Wretched is the old man's fate!
Alas the ills of life's last stage,
Alas the burthen of old age.

MARIA;

OR, THE BEGGAR GIRL.

Sung by Mrs. Atkins, of Covent Garden Theatre.

MARIA was misfortune's child,
Report so spread her fate;
With trembling heart, and manners mild,
She'd wander 'till 'twas late.

Her form was beauteous, although poor,
Stranger to cap or feather;
Barefoot she'd trudge from door to door,
Distress'd was this fair beggar.

Deserted, friendless, and forgot,
Was this sad victim's case;
Alas! pale misery was the lot
Of that once blooming face.

Winter's dreary scenes drew nigh,
Unpitied by her foes,
Maria droop'd, and heav'd a sigh—
Thus ended all her woes!

SONNET TO ROSALIE.

THE SETTING SUN.

SLOW o'er the Landscape stole retiring Day,
The fresh Breeze, kiss'd the wan enfeebled Flow'r,
To the high Woods the Stock-dove wings her way,
When exil'd Herbert sought the silent Bow'r;
From Mirth escap'd, disconsolate to view,
The finny Fry from Circles of the Stream;
The fading Scene to soften'd Feeling true,
And small Gnat flirting with the Sun's last beam:
Then, as he cast o'er all the tearful eye,
By unextinguishable passion fed,
Heav'd from his poor hurt heart the smother'd sigh,
And thus, in secret, to himself he said—
Yes! all things, Nature, sink with thee to rest,
Save one poor fluttering fool—the tenant of my breast!